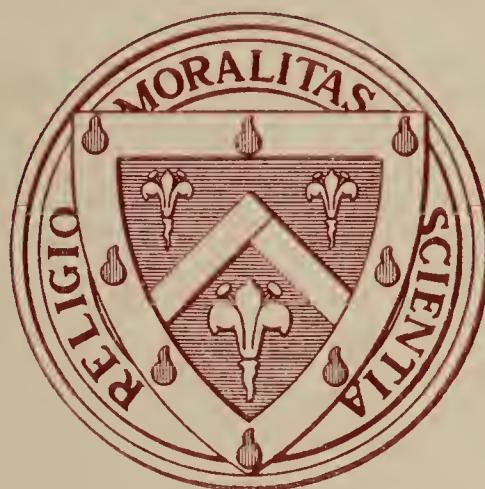


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UNDER BLUE CASTILIAN SKIES

By Richard Trame '38

Spain, the land of romance, of legend, of heroes, is still familiarly spoken about. We thrill even now to such phrases as "castles in Spain" and the "royal king of Spain," terms which today have little relation to exact reality. The glamour of the Alhambra by moonlight, the strange beauty of the mosque at Cordova, the celebrities of the Old World stage-Cervantes, Velasquez, Lope de Vega, and those ingenious gentlemen of fiction, Don Juan, Don Quixote, and El Cid, the Campeador — all crowd their way into the glow of haunting memories. We even hear the click of castanets as lithe-limbed dancers sway in questioning pose before the admiring eyes of their lovers. Or perhaps we catch the soothing twang of the guitar as a black-cloaked figure kneels before the iron-grilled window of his inamorata. Yet Spain is a real land with rushing streams, majestic mountains, a seagirt shore, and blue Castilian skies overhead. Too, it is the land of the Inquisition, the land "of the Blessed Virgin," the most Catholic of Catholic countries. It is the land of glorious history — for who is so untutored as not to know of the Spain Ferdinand and Isabella welded together with harsh and ruthless blows out of the jangling pieces of their own and the hostile fragments of the Moorish realms?

It is because of this glorious past and his traditional pride that the true Span-

iard today manages to hide his burning desires for food, shelter and self-respect under the bluest of blue Castilian skies. In silence he is awaiting the "manana" when his hunger will be satisfied; when his rich brown soil will be returned; when his self-respect will be restored; when the present Radical Revolution will revert to the radiant and peaceful days of the Monarchy.

In the dreamy hours of noon the land is golden with miles of waving grain, and sweetly scented by the budding lemon and orange groves, yet amidst this terrestrial paradise there has arisen a chronic starvation and a sullen hatred. These gnawing hungers and sullen hatreds are today existing in a potentially rich country, in the home of a world language. This frightful catastrophe is the direct resultant of the overthrow of the Spanish Monarchy. Even in such a thoroughly Catholic nation as Spain, political radicals have temporarily succeeded in disrupting respect for the traditions of the past; their destructive regime seems doomed to fall to the ground, but only after they have dragged the honor and glory of Christianity and Spain into the deepest mire.

Still, through it all the sweaty Spanish "hombre" in loose blue blouse and dark leather trousers, has remained the kindest of men. Though quickly emotional, he is still patiently awaiting the dawning tomorrow that will correct his burning

grievances. The peasant Spaniard, who has a pessimism of mind which is liable to surge to the peaks of optimism, only to violently relapse, has retained his subtle courtesy and sense of humor. His personal pride and love of country have restrained him from airing his wrongs in foreign lands. The fact that world leadership is swiftly drifting away from Western Europe to the more progressive Pacific lands cannot be attributed to the honest Spanish peasant, for he has at least not added materially to this debacle.

A relatively few years ago, when the imaginary wrongs of Spain spoke with such crashing tones that the King, the most popular politician of his realm, had resigned, the European intelligentsia predicted the end of Spanish dissatisfaction. Today Spain is ruled not by its desires, but by a Radical Republic which finds expression in a bloody Civil War.

Republican Madrid lies quivering in the embrace of an ardent sun, whose acid-sharp rays burn on the plate of memory a coquettish etching of Spain's fair ones, who, with fans fluttering like the wings of so many butterflies, saunter along the shadeless river, vainly seeking some cooling resort from the blazing fires of this revolution. "La Corte" (Madrid) instantly catches the eye with its tricolor banner of red, yellow and purple, proudly, though unjustly, waving from the rooftop of every public structure. The true blood-and-gold flag, which Ferdinand and Isabella raised over the Moorish Alhambra; which Christopher Columbus valiantly planted on the wild island of San Salvador; which the renowned Cervantes fought under at Lepanto; which sank with the arrogant Armada in the cold blue waters of the English Channel, has

jointly disappeared with the Monarchy. Its position has been usurped by the tricolor flag of radical republicanism, designed by some modern Iberian Betsy Ross. Surely the wrongs of Spain did not cry for such a catastrophe as that! Surely the red blood of patriotism coursing through the Spanish people did not desire such action! No. The Spanish peasant asked for more food, more shelter, and instead was given a new government, a government which he did not want.

At the announcement of the new regime, an emotion long pent up in the hearts of the Spaniard burst forth and literally swamped the officers of the New Republic. On the Paseo de la Castellana, one of the most beautiful boulevards in Europe, large throngs of people gathered, in order to present their grievances to the newly-elected President. The second Republic survived this fearful swamping only because there was no life left in the cooling embers of Monarchy to take advantage of the general confusion.

After a time the provisional government of the republic settled into its stride, and the outline of the New Spain slowly emerged with unmistakable clearness. It was a difficult task to discern any obstacles in the Republic's path which seemed likely to prove insurmountable, but the greedy Republicans sailed the ship of state blindly on without once heeding the brooding reactions of the Spanish people. These amenable Castilians did not wish to overthrow their King, and today they are loudly voicing their hatred against the present regime. The quiet disposal of Spanish Monarchy has now resulted in a bloody and clamorous Civil War.

The fall of the Monarchs seems

UNDER BLUE CASTILIAN SKIES

even more significant in the Spanish Revolution than the fall of Monarchy itself. It is not easy to imagine the aristocrats, even though very democratic, turning whole-heartedly to the Republican scheme of things. It is far simpler picturing them reverting to the remote depths of feudalism whence they came. Still the prudent words of the dying Don Quixote seem partially to clarify the attitude of the aristocracy:

"My good friends, I have happy news to tell you. I was mad, but am now in my senses. My judgment is returned, clear and undisturbed; and that cloud of ignorance is now removed which continual reading of those damnable books of knight errantry has cast over my understanding. All profane stories of knight errantry, all romances I detest. I have a true sense of the danger of reading them, and of all my follies, and through Heaven's mercy and my own experience, I abhor them."

The saddest tragedy of the revolution, however, has been the final fall of the greatest royal family that Europe has ever produced. The dignity with which the struggle was conducted by both sides only intensifies the impressiveness of this "immedicable vulnus." With King Alfonso's resignation the pomp and splendor of court life met its doom in Spain. The Spanish people lost a kind and sympathetic ruler. Even the opposing Republicans have respect for the deposed King. Their feeling is crudely but truthfully expressed by Lerroux, a Republican leader: "He is in the wrong camp, but the King has a heart of a lion. What a pity he is not on our side, for he is 'un verdadero

gallo fino' (a true fighting cock)."

There in the midst of wasteful desolation, an oasis, green with the green of emeralds, lying dormant in the fruitful embrace of the rivers Jarma and Tagus, whose marriage has clothed the sands with myriads of flowers, peopling it with giant trees, their interlacing branches bowing to the ground in luxuriant heaviness, the deserted palace of King Alfonso presents a most touching sight to any passerby. The large stone building looms blindingly white against the blue Castilian skies overhead, while thousands of white-shuttered windows look out over Madrid like empty eyes. In the gilded halls of this palace an endless procession of historically famous personages has been formed. Such conquistadores of the new world as Christopher Columbus, Cortez, Coronada and Balboa are in that procession. Charles the Fifth is in it; William the Silent; the dauntless Ferdinand and Isabella; countless sails of the proud Armada are in it; yet this glorious "cortege" shall serve only as the memorial to one of the greatest Monarchies that has ever existed.

As many grains of sand are needed to make a desert, so also were many causes necessary to instigate this present Spanish War. The primary and original cause was dissatisfaction aroused to a white heat by radicals from foreign countries. Another very important organ was education. The essential clue to the well-controlled smoothness of the Spanish Revolt is the fact that it was made in the new Spanish schools, developed, during the last century, expressly to train the generation then rising to solve the problems of returning Spain to a throne of prominence among nations.

The full effect of developing this new nationalistic feeling is only now slowly beginning to be seen. In the last analysis then, this current revolution was unknow-

ingly planned by a handful of devoted schoolmasters, who were blindly teaching the doctrines of outside radical politicians.

PERCY JONES

By William Dine '40

Brring," goes an ancient alarm clock in Percy's bedroom. A grunt of disgust emerges from the bed.

Percy opens one eye. Six o'clock stares him in the face, and a thought passes quickly through his head. Today was the day that he was to pick his new car. What would it be, a Stutz, a Mercedes, or just a plain super-charged Auburn. He decided that he would buy the Auburn because the super-charged motor would enable him to make good time between the golf links and his home.

Golf was his main passion. Morning, noon and night you could see Percy on the Ritz Country Club Links, busy with club and balls.

Another look at the clock; six-fifteen. Percy sits on the edge of the bed, puts his feet into worn sneakers, slides into a pair of "slacks," and pulls a sweat shirt over his head.

Down the stairs he goes, and out the back door. Long steps took him down the street to his stand on the corner of Fifth and Main.

A little later a long, low Auburn pulls up to the curb.

"Good morning, Miss Douglas," murmurs Percy. He receives a nod toward the rumble seat, and climbs in among the golf clubs.

On the way to the Country Club he thinks of his plans for the next day. During that fifteen minutes before he has to get up he will reflect on buying a yacht.

Trying to put himself through high school and having no time for worries, placing himself in the shoes of a millionaire's son was his only amusement.

Now his thoughts turned to the work at hand. Caddying for Miss Douglas was to be no easy job.

A POEM UNUSUAL

By Daniel Raible '37

Everyone without doubt has in some way or another come in contact with art, but how many have encountered art within art? True, this question seems to hang on an enigma; nevertheless, the poem, "A Song for Saint Cecilia's Day," elucidates this apparent paradox. Concerning the fact that this poem, a product of the genius Dryden, is an example of art there will surely be no dispute. The question of art within art may, however, perplex some. A mere superficial perusal of the poem will furnish a clue. In its entirety it deals with music, and as such contains art within art. With due appropriateness may the old adage "Ars Gratia Artis" be applied.

According to logical form the poem is so well arranged that it may be divided into four distinct parts. Each part fulfills its purpose; no more, no less. As in any theme, the opening lines contain the general subject matter of the work. Thus, the first two stanzas extol in semi-celestial imagery the power of music. Realizing man's instinctive desire for pictures, even though they be mental, the author devotes the next three stanzas to instances and examples. The sixth stanza is utilized to express the puissance of the music coaxed by Saint Cecilia from the depths of an organ. Finally, the last stanza affords the grand climax by attributing to music the power of "untuning the sky."

Although the poem possesses no regular rhyme, meter, or stanza formation, it has numerous other qualities which add to its enhancement and make it a work of art. Even if the poem had no other source of embellishment, its lack of rhyme and meter may be justified because of the varied emotions it has to convey. With the use of a regular meter and rhyme scheme the expression of these emotions would be well nigh impossible, or if not impossible, would defeat the purpose of the poem, namely, the displayal of the power of music. In place of meter and rhyme the author has used smooth lines, which for the particular theme in hand could hardly have been surpassed. Unlike many of Dryden's poetical works this poem is not vitiated with trenchant sarcasm but ameliorated by classical allusions. This absence of causticism gives one the impression that he wrote this poem solely with an artistic view in mind, and not, as probably was the case with many other of his works, for its commercial value. As all true poetry should, the poem expresses imaginative and inspirational beauty rather than a mere insipid catalogue of sheer facts.

Over and above all these complimentary attributes the poem is brought to life by its onomatopoeic snatches. As one reads the stanza concerning the trumpet, the brusk stacatto of the instrument seems to force itself through the very lines. Precision, an important factor in

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percussion, permeates the lines devoted to the drum; somberness pervades the quatrain descriptive of "the soft complaining flute." Probably the best, however, of these onomatopoeic passages is that which seems to be vibrant with the airy and penetrating tune of a violin:

"Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of
passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame."

Contrary to any possible supposition based on its adaptability to being sung the poem is by no means a ballad, but rather an ode. True, it possesses the fundamental characteristic of a ballad, that of being adaptable for singing, but because of two other pertinent factors it is characterized as an ode rather than as a ballad. Foreign to the requisites of a ballad, but not in the least incompatible with the specifications for an ode is its progressive treatment of a single dignified theme. Again, it is divorced from the ranks of a ballad because of its uniformity of stanza formation, which in many cases, although not in all, is lacking to the ballad.

The subject matter together with the circumstances under which the author wrote this poem had a predominant bearing upon its mood. Still affected by the sweet remembrances of his conversion to the Catholic Church, as a child is by half-dimmed yet pleasant memories of a bygone Christmas, Dryden strove ever to elevate the standards of the Church and of her Saints. His chance was at hand! Being poet laureate of England it was his duty to compose

a poem for Saint Cecilia's Day. Fortified by the conviction that nothing was more appropriate for this occasion than a discourse on music, the hobby of the Saint, he praised the saintly musician in a circumlocutional manner by exhibiting the power of music. Naturally enough a pleasant mood was his choice, not only to express the soothing power of music, but also to manifest the joy and gaiety that should prevail on the Celebration Day of so saintly a personage.

Dryden, since he understood well the beauty and music of nature about him, embodied much of these in his poem. Many times in the poem is evidence of this fact given. Very aptly does he describe the universality of music in the following lines:

"From harmony, from heavenly
harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes
it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."

In these few words is expressed very beautifully the idea that everything in nature seems keyed to take its place in the cosmic symphony which culminates in man and is to be directed by him. Although over five thousand years ago the Chinese reached a similar conclusion, it required the ever vigilant mind of Dryden to garb the thought in the free-flowing robe of poetry.

Similar to any other piece of art the poem does not disclose its true meaning or real value upon the first encounter. Only after one has orientated himself to the mood of the poem and has become a sympathetic reader does the beauty of

A POEM UNUSUAL

thought, the aptness of comparisons, the savor of classical allusions, and the exact formation of the poem dawn upon him. Thus, for the slipshod peruser the poem has little to give, but to an earnest student, especially one of poetry and music alike, it offers pleasant moments of fanciful realities and improbable possibilities.

In the estimation of most critics the poem does not equal the standards set by another similar as to make-up, and as to author identical, namely, "Alexander's Feast." After a sedulous investigation this fact becomes patent. Annals inform the student that "Alexander's Feast" was written approximately twelve years after "The Song For Saint Cecilia's Day." Although it is true in a few instances that geniuses have produced their best work while young, as in the case of Bryant, who conceived "Thanatopsis" at the early age of eighteen, it may be safely assumed that age, at least within a certain range, serves to elaborate one's abilities rather than to degenerate them. To expect, therefore, an author's poem to be more mature and well rounded as long as age takes its place down the

column of assets in the account book of life is indeed logical. Again, the later poem may be considered as a revision of the first, and rightly so. The many similitudes, an identical theme, the same purpose, one and the same occasion and author, all tend to strengthen this presumption.

Especially during the last few years, a time when people have had an opportunity to hesitate, ponder, and assimilate music as a fine art, has music sealed the hitherto impervious wall of avaricious ambition and matter-of-fact living. Ample proof of this is provided by the numerous symphony orchestras, bands, and musical organizations which are being formed. In a letter to the *Reader's Digest*, Alma Gluck, famed concert and opera soprano, states: "I am gratified to see the *Digest's* increasing attention to music which is becoming more and more the concern of the general public." Perhaps with this ever increasing appreciation of classical music some competent artist will set Dryden's poem to music, and it will again vibrate to the harmony of another fine art as it did in the time of the author.



WHAT IS SCHOOL SPIRIT?

By John Grogan '40

School spirit is that vital something that makes studying a pleasure and not a monotonous routine. It is a composite, or rather, a combination of a number of qualities, of which there are three that are fundamental. First and most important among these is application to studies. The majority of men at college are not studying to please their parents; they are studying with grim determination in order that they may reach their particular goal. Some few are at times satisfied to sit and do nothing; this type of student could commonly be called "A Flag-pole Sitter at College." They are in college on a lark or maybe a vacation; they find no glory in being able to send home a good report card to show their appreciation to their parents, who incidentally are making sacrifices, denying themselves the little things that make life enjoyable so as to be able to see their son receive his degree. Not in this manner but by a reasonably serious attention to the work at hand is school spirit shown at its best advantage.

Although school spirit, as some people imagine, is not shown only at football or basketball games, it does count a lot at a game. A cheer at an advantageous time — when the home team is losing as well as when it is in the lead — helps as much as a fresh line, (providing it is a cheer). The members of the squad as well should constantly keep school spirit in mind. When an official makes a de-

cision, even though it is a mistaken one, his judgment should be final. He is on the field representing the integrity of the game. Again, sometimes one has the misfortune of meeting a player who thinks cheating or fouling is justified as long as he doesn't get detected. This policy may not harm the individual player, but in general it gives the school a very unpleasant name.

The old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," brings to mind another and final type of school spirit, one that is at least next in importance to the first mentioned. At a boarding college, good fellowship plays an important role. If one notices a fellow with a glum, downhearted expression, who very seldom talks to anyone, one should ask him to shoot a game of pool or go for a hike, anything to divert his mind from his studies or whatever his mind may be on. Then if one finds he is really in a bad spot, one can give him a hand, and he will be a true friend. Doing this not only gives one the satisfaction of being able to help someone, but offers an excellent opportunity to make friends, good true friends, friends whom one can depend upon in later life. After all, friends in college will, in later life, be colleagues or business associates.

These three prime types of school spirit namely, in studies, athletics, and by good fellowship, explained to the best of my ability, should be the guide of any young man in any old college.

MEN, WOMEN, AND FISH

By Robert Danehy '40

In reading the following it is well to remember that the people referred to are not true sportsmen or sportswomen. They are the occasional fishermen, not fishing more than once or twice a year. A true sportsman is not just a person who is fair, generous, a good loser and a graceful winner; no, he must also love his sport and its environment. There are very few things known that can change a man in his attitude toward fishing once he has become adept in the art.

—

Any man who can catch a fish over thirty inches in length and not talk about it to excess is a superman; a woman who performs the same feat and does talk about it to excess is rare. That statement is hard to believe, I admit, but let me give some examples from life and you will probably agree with me.

At a large inland lake in Wisconsin last July, a middle-aged man hooked a middle-sized muski. Now a muski (muskellunge) must be thirty inches long before it can be taken from the water. That, gentlemen, is by no means a gold-fish. But let us return to the middle-aged man.

After a period of forty-five minutes the fish had enough strength left to perform more gymnastics than the best tumbler would care to think about. But gradually the fish becomes weaker, the most noticeable evidence being that he no longer runs. As he becomes weaker

he starts to swim in slow circles within twenty feet of the boat. The gentleman, thinking that it will be easier to kill the fish before bringing it into the boat, extracts a revolver from a case at his side. Bang! — it's loaded. He aims it at the fish. Bang! Bang! Bang! — and two more Bangs! The air is filled with smoke; the water, punctured in six different places. The muski? He's swimming faster than ever.

Another forty-five minutes fly past, and the fish is again near the boat. This time the man plays it in very close and gently slips a gaff through the "tender" jaws. Then with great care he lifts the fish out of the water, and with even greater care lays it on the bottom of the boat.

"It must be over thirty-eight inches long," thinks he. Hurriedly he applies the tape. What! Only thirty and a half inches long? The tape must be wrong!

I saw him a few days later and asked him about the fish. "Well, it was the largest one I have ever caught. I had a tough time getting in into the boat, but I finally managed it. He was just a shade under a limit and a half length." (A limit and a half can be either forty-five or thirty and one-half inches long).

On four different occasions I heard how the gentleman caught that fish. And could he talk! Well, it was his business. He's a salesman.

The woman?

An elderly woman had the good fortune

of hooking a muski on her first cast. For a short time she tried to tame the fish with checks and pulls. Not successful at this, she decided to take her time, but the muski did not follow suit. He made runs and wore himself out in doing so. Finally she got the fish up close to the boat. Good grief! It was a whopper! At first she was even afraid to try to bring it into the boat. Eventually she did try. She put the gaff through its jaws and then after a series of grunts and pulls — Plop! It came in.

Toward shore she rowed and reached it in due time. A gentleman, considering it a privilege, carried the fish to the lodge for her. Here it was weighed and measured. Length — four feet, nine inches! Weight — fifty-two pounds! A small fish — at least that's what some people would say. But they had never seen a larger one.

"Howdja catch 'em, Lady?" asked a small boy. All the lady said was, "Oh Gee!"

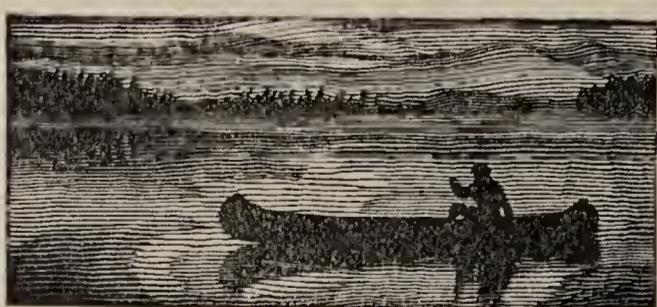
Reason?

She fainted.

Now for a bit of fish talk. If it weren't for the fact that the fish is the one who always gets hooked, I would say that he is the wisest of the three. Why? He loves peace, does not like to exert himself, and causes by far the least annoyance.

I once asked a guide why the muski went for a plug bait. "Wall, a muski is a smart cuss," he replied, "but 'e can't tell if a thing's good to et or aren't. 'E don't bite at a bait 'cause 'e's hungry. No, sir! He bites cause the bait irritates him till he just can't stand it somemore."

From the above examples and from observations in fishing camps I have come to the following conclusions on muski fishing. Man hunts this species so that he can talk about it. Women hunt the same species because it's an oddity. And the fish, the only true sportsman of the trio, loves his environment, fights to the finish, and never says a word.



GALSWORTHIAN REALISM

By Paul Weaver '38

In Galsworthian realism there is a sincere and true kindness molded into a highly developed artistic and moral conscience. This outstanding trend flows freely throughout the author's works. He is not a man who would throw a stone at the sinner; rather, in his benevolent way, he would supply a remedy, or perhaps go on pardoning the guilty one, exerting every effort to help an unfortunate individual. This is brought out very well in his drama "The Fugitive."

"The Fugitive" is a dramatic representation of clemency. The author in this play champions the heroine, Clare, against English hypocrisy. She found that her marriage to an English gentleman was a complete failure, therefore as her marital life unfolded it revealed incessant discontent, unhappiness, and habitual quarrels. The inevitable result seemed to be divorce, which generally follows this type of social misunderstanding as revealed by other realistic writers. Life, then, at this critical period seemed to have little in store for the heroine; yet Galsworthy tries to help her. Ardently he labors to find for her a way out. This again evidences his seeking social betterment. He found it necessary to dip this unhappy creature into the brine of a debased underworld before he could prove to us that anything following the unchristian act of divorce could not enjoy success. Our playwright was kind to his heroine even after

her plunge into the mire. Still he did not champion this sinner as a sinner. He ended the drama by letting her drink poison.

Critics condemn the play. William Lyon Phelps says it was a complete failure especially since he could not conceive of a woman drinking poison on the stage. Dare we for this reason alone reprove the content of the drama? We must admit that such a procedure is uncommon and unusually disgusting to a spectator as well as to a reader. Yet the words, complete failure, imply much more. Complete failure, as we understand the phrase, means wanting of success from every aspect. For instance, in all readiness many of our present politicians condemn anything formerly connected with the N. R. A. This, we will acknowledge, is hardly fair, since that governmental theory as put into practice did stimulate and to a certain degree better social conditions. If we are not too hasty with our destructive criticism the same will apply to Galsworthy's "Fugitive." Therefore, the value of our dramatist's message outweighs a single malady in its production.

Nor can we conclude that Galsworthy approves of suicide as an ethical way out of adverse conditions. Writing realistically, and writing as the champion of the downtrodden, he can just as well have in mind showing that unhappy social conditions when little or nothing

is done to better them can and do lead to suicide.

An article appeared in the *Living Age* by Harold Laski from which I have extracted the following critical quotation: "Virtue for Galsworthy is personal consideration for other people's feelings. Give us more of that, he seems to say, and the world can be saved. Heaven knows the world needs more of it; Heaven knows, also, that it is a message which cannot be too loudly proclaimed. But we shall not shape the kind of world that, for example, William Morris dreamed of, merely with fine manners and 'noblesse oblige.'" Mr. Laski should remember that Galsworthy's life was devoted to writing realistically; not to lawmaking and judicial work. Writing was his art. As a writer he worked laboriously; he became an artist by attacking social and economic problems and presenting them to us in novels and dramas with logical and well-planned combating remedies. This we should consider a helpful contribution to society. It should be our aim, then, to dissolve economic chaos. To do that we must attack an elementary cause as did Galsworthy. Our nations today are saturated

with individualism, and oh, how sadly society lacks a spirit of neighborliness. Without ornamental excuses Galsworthy advised society to be moved by the misfortune of a neighbor. Of course altruism is hard to approach and still more difficult to inaugurate, but since it is for the welfare of society, why not apply our efforts in that direction? Had we continued constructing the road Galsworthy began paving in the brief past something very elementary should have been accomplished, namely, in substitution for the outstanding present default of society there would exist a more rigid ethical principle of regard for the interests of others.

Attributive to Galsworthy's works in both drama and novel are profound realistic trends so marked that we cannot overestimate their significance and value. Just as the artistic Galsworthy selected his material from human nature, and used it as an artist should, so did he put many social difficulties under the lens of his powerful mind, and analyzing them, offered suggestions for their correction through his literary masterpieces. These masterpieces serve as an open book to Galsworthian realism.



RIGHT LEFT--RIGHT LEFT

By Edwin Johnson '39

Coach Doc Wilson of Lehigh College turned to his assistant, Butch Gordon, and said, "Penny for your thoughts, Butch. Did you see what I saw?"

"Right the first time, Doc. If that boy can pass like he runs, and with Thomas in there kicking, Lehigh is off to the races this year."

The topic of conversation was slowly returning to his position, after a mere jaunt of sixty yards off tackle. The first string players were a laughing bunch of hard blocking, smashing power, the band of warriors upon whose shoulders rested Lehigh's chances of a Conference championship. Duane Porter, six feet two inches of well built manhood, packed into a football suit, was outstanding among the group. For a football player his features were well above criticism. Most girls would have fainted with ecstasy if he had deigned to look upon them. Duane Porter was handsome, but the crowning point of his features was the fact that he himself didn't recognize it. He was as unconscious of his pulchritudinous visage as a pair of lovers are of the outside world on a moonlight night.

"Nice run there, Porter. That's the way to follow your interference. If you can throw a pass as well as you can run and block, your position is as good as gold," said Doc Wilson smiling.

"Thanks Doc, but if it wasn't for the keen blocking of the gang, I wouldn't have gained a yard," Porter replied quietly.

"Razzberries!" came in a chorus from his ten grinning teammates. "He's just being shy and reserved now."

"Take it easy, guys," growled Butch. "Porter isn't used to the razzing you blockheads toss around. Give him time to catch on to the ropes."

Porter grinned boyishly at that. "I guess I can take my share of the razzing with the next one. Back in Kentucky where I hail from I'm just about the most razzed guy in town."

"You! Why?" came from one of the guards.

"Nix on the cross examination; this is a football field, not a courtroom. Get working on the off tackle play again, and then we'll have some pass plays." The coach's orders were law in Lehigh, so the boys got back to the old grind.

"They're looking pretty good, aren't they, Butch?" spoke a distinctly feminine voice soft and low, with just a slight trace of mischief in it.

"Oh, Mother Machree! She's in again, Doc," moaned Butch. "It's that no account daughter of yours who has my linesmen writing poetry and standing on their thick skulls trying to attract her attention."

"Hello, Betty. What brings you down to this haunt of men? I thought you were playing bridge at the Gama House." Doc grinned when he said this, for he knew how his daughter hated bridge and simply doted on football.

"Well, daddy, to make a long story short, I have a new fall outfit; you have a new half-back who is reported to be pretty good; result, here I am." Betty Wilson flashed a pair of red lips over a row of pearls in a quick smile. About five feet three, she looked like a tiny mite of dynamite in a gray and red sports ensemble which contrasted ideally with her soft black hair, brown eyes and olive skin. "Where is he?"

"Where is who?" queried her father impishly.

"Oh, daddy, don't be mean. Duane Porter, of course. All the girls in the place are talking about him. Introduce me; will you, daddy? I really would love to meet him."

"All right, you gamin. You can twist your dad around your finger, and you know it. Some coach I am. You'd think this was a party introducing folks on the middle of the field. Oh, why wasn't I blessed with a son?" groaned the Doc.

"Oh, now, daddy, you aren't angry, are you? If so, why I guess I'll just go and play bridge or sumpin," the so-called gamin answered.

"Oh, well, I guess there won't be much harm in introducing you to the lad. However, don't you start him breaking training or anything like that after you meet him. Oh, Porter, would you come here a minute? This young lady seems anxious to meet you. The rest of you fellows are under Butch's orders for the present."

"You shouldn't have said that, daddy. What will he think of me now?" admonished Betty.

"He'll probably think that you are some young hussy, and he'll be right.

Here he is now."

"What did you say you wanted me for, Doc?" queried Duane, his face blushing violently as his eyes met the smiling orbs of Miss Betty Wilson.

"Mr. Porter, Duane if you prefer, this is my daughter, Betty. She has taken the privilege of a daughter, and has made me drag you out of practice just so she can meet you." Saying this, the Coach unceremoniously left the pair and returned to the field.

"Er — a — well that is — how do you do? Nice day isn't it," stammered the embarrassed half-back.

"Well, now, isn't that too cute for words. The boy is actually blushing. Come now, I'll bet this is your regular line," parried Betty in a gay tone.

This only added to Duane's confusion, and with a great deal of difficulty, he finally managed to get out his words. "Well, I'm awfully glad to have met you. You see I'm really not used to meeting pretty girls like you, and — well, I guess I'd better get back to practice before the Coach throws a hemorrhage."

"Well I'll be," muttered Betty as she watched the boy turn and literally flee from her, stumbling over a few helmets on the way. "I think the guy really was serious." She stayed and watched the practice for a while, and then left with that smile that only a girl can have when she has made up her mind to a certain end.

That evening, sparkling from a fresh shower, Duane stepped out from the gym and made his way down the street. Walking along with the carefree air of youth, he came to the corner.

"Hello," came a voice from the cushions

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of a Packard 120 roadster. "Can a tired young athlete accept the offer of a young lady, and ride home in style?" Peeping coyly over the dash were the brown eyes of Betty Wilson. The end was nearing the finish.

"Well, I am pretty tired," quietly admitted Duane. "And if it won't put you through too much trouble I would appreciate a lift to my rooms." The end was accomplished as Duane climbed into the roadster.

"Still scared?" said Betty sweetly.

"Well, not exactly. I guess I did make sort of a fool of myself this afternoon, but I am very self-conscious, and meeting you in front of all those fellows sort of left me speechless. What I said about never meeting any pretty girls is true enough. You are the first girl I ever really talked to. It was very kind of you to wait for me." Porter was very serious when he spoke, and when he had finished he lapsed into silence, only telling Betty now and then the general direction to his rooms. Betty meanwhile kept up a string of steady chatter.

"I'll tell you something too," she said. "I expected to find you conceited and blown up about yourself. That is why I acted so flighty this afternoon. Really I am very serious when you get to know me. I don't go in for parties or bridge or any of the things that most of the girls of the day crave. My hobby is sports. My dad said he never had a boy, but he has the nearest thing to one. I am President of the woman's Monogram Club, have won three letters in track, fencing and basketball, and besides my dad is Coach of the football team, so you can readily see how my interest centers on sports."

She continued. "My favorite indoor sport at home is ping pong. I can beat the pants off daddy, but he won't ever agree to that, of course. I really dote on that game. Did you ever play?"

"Well, I have a handmade table at home, but I'm not very good at the game. I never get the chance to play with anyone who might help me. It's a long story, but some day maybe I'll tell you," Duane replied to her question.

"Listen to me, big boy; your days of not having anyone to play with are over. How about coming over tomorrow night and playing with me?" Betty flashed her best smile with this invitation.

"If it is all right with your dad, well, I guess I could come," Duane said eagerly.

"Oh, dad won't mind. He's a good sport, as long as you don't break training. It's a date then." Betty smiled triumphantly.

"Tomorrow about eight," Duane replied. "Well, this is where I leave you. Thanks for the lift, and don't forget tomorrow. Goodbye."

"How could I ever forget? Well, see you later."

That night Betty and her dad were sitting in the living room of their home. "What's ailing you, dad?" Betty said gaily. "You look like your best friend died."

"Well, he didn't, but it's just about as bad," her father replied grimly. "Porter is simply a colossal flop as a passer. After you left today he made a fine exhibition of himself. Why, even a baby could have flipped that pellet better than he did. I can't understand it. A man with his ability, and with hands as big as his, ought to be able to

throw a ball a mile. He seems awkward or something. The ball does everything but spiral into the hands of the receivers. It seems to me that he never threw a pass before. We're sunk now. I had counted on Porter heavily. Thomas, the right half, can block and kick, but he isn't the runner that Porter is. And you ask me why I'm worried."

"Oh, don't worry too much about it, dad. He'll probably snap out of it. Oh yes, by the way, I've dated up the cause of your worries. He is coming over tomorrow night to play ping pong. Is it O.K., dad?"

"Sure, go ahead. See if you can't find out something about him. He has been very quiet and reserved around the fellows. Try and win him into your confidence if you can. Will you do that for me, Betty?" asked her father.

"I'll try, dad," she answered. "He is awfully bashful though. Maybe I won't be able to thaw him out. But at least he'll know that he has been under the heat."

"Well, I guess I'll turn in, Betty. Your dad can't take it any more. This practice every day tires me as much as the players. Goodnight."

Betty sat before the fire for a long time absorbed in deep thought. The fire played on the shining tresses of her raven hair throwing little ripples of light into the room. Finally she too rose from her soliloquy and went up to her room.

The next evening Betty said to her father before he went out: "Well, how did my Romeo go in practice today?"

"Worse. I guess he is just another good running half-back. Boy, if that guy could only learn to pass. Oh, well, I guess there is no use moaning. I guess

I'll be going. Don't forget, shoo that guy at ten o'clock." Betty helped him into his overcoat and he went out.

Duane rang the bell at eight, and Betty opened the door.

"Hello. Won't you come in and stay awhile?" Betty cordially invited.

"Thanks," grinned Duane. "Don't mind it a bit." Betty took his hat and topcoat to the closet, while Duane stretched his length comfortably on a divan before the fire. "This is a nice place you have here," he said to Betty as she returned to the room.

"I'm glad you like it," she smiled. "Dad and I find it comfortable enough." She then continued in a different sphere. "How does the prospect of an evening of ping pong topped off with sandwiches, coffee, and cake sound?"

"Perfect," grinned Duane. "When do we start?"

"Right now, and you better be good," Betty laughed.

An hour later two highly excited and flushed players came into the living room.

"Whew!" grinned Betty. "You must have been born with a ping pong paddle in that left hand of yours. I've never played against a left-handed player before, and I'll admit you were a little too tough for me to handle."

"You're no slouch either when it comes to the art of slapping a celluloid ball. I hope you're a good cook. I'm about famished." Duane sank into a soft chair as he said this.

Later, over a cup of coffee Betty questioned Duane guardedly. "Dad says you are having a hard time passing, Duane. You know, it means a lot to dad and me that you make good. Lehigh has to have a good season, or

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dad is through. The alumni want a Championship, and when they want something they usually get it no matter what the cost."

"Gosh, I never looked at it in that light, Betty," groaned Duane. "I'm trying awfully hard, but I just can't throw that ball with my right hand."

"With your right hand?" replied Betty. "But Duane, you aren't right-handed. You played ping pong with your left hand. No wonder you can't learn," she said. "Why Duane, I can't understand why you try throwing right-handed when you are a lefty. It doesn't make sense."

"Well, it's a long story, and if, — if you won't be bored with my telling it." Betty showed no signs of boredom, so he began with a story starting when he was a baby. "And so," he finished, "that is why I am the most razzed fellow in Anthony, Kentucky; and that also explains why I never had anyone play ping pong with me. I was too self-conscious."

"You poor fellow," sympathized Betty. "We'll get all this straightened out all right. You'll trust me, Duane, and I'll see that everything comes out all right. You'll be the sensation of the Conference, or I will miss my guess. Wait till dad gets a load of what I have to tell him."

The two talked for about fifteen minutes more, and then the tower clock boomed ten. "Well, young man, ten o'clock, and all good football players should be in bed. I'll be seeing you in practice. Come again some time," she said as she walked with him to the door.

"You know I would love to," Duane spoke softly as he gazed into her brown eyes. "Goodnight — Betty."

Betty and her father went into a deep huddle about twelve o'clock that night. When it finally broke up Doc Wilson went to his bed for the best sleep he had had in weeks. He closed his eyes with a smile of triumph.

The next week the Lehigh team worked out in the stadium behind locked doors. The only persons allowed on the playing field were the faculty members and the student managers. Of course Betty had her pass, and every day found her in the same corner of the stands, watching a handsome half-back going through his drills. A close observer would have noticed a strange gleam in her eyes whenever her hero would do something outstanding.

The opening game of the season was with the tough boys from Hamilton Normal. Normal was favored over Lehigh to cop the Championship; hence the opening game was perhaps the most important on Lehigh's schedule.

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"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is Jack Ward, your sports announcer, speaking to you from Lehigh Bowl, where the Lehigh-Hamilton Normal football game is being played. Both teams have come out onto the field. They're warming up. Captain Thomas of Lehigh goes out to take the toss with Captain Peters of Normal. Here he comes. Lehigh is receiving. Both teams are lined up. There goes the whistle, the game is on. Porter takes the ball on his own five-yard line, and brings it up to the twenty-three-yard mark. Wow! that boy steps fast. He is the new fleet-footed half-back from Kentucky. We'll be seeing a lot of him at that left half position if the pre-season

comments on him are true. Lehigh coming out of the huddle. Whoa, folks! this is something; Doc Wilson has pulled some trick. Porter is lined up at the right half position. In fact, the whole Lehigh team seems to be shifted around. Yes, that is it. Doc Wilson has concentrated all his power on the left side of the line. That means that Porter will be running to the left instead of to the right. This is a surprise. We'll see how this turns out in the next sixty minutes. There they go. A shift to the right; Porter back to receive the ball. He rips through the line of scrimmage, and tears off ten yards before he is hit and brought down. Boy, can that lad run! The Normal secondary is now moving in to stop this fleet-footed demon. There he goes up to the line. But no — he's fading back; there is the receiver behind the safety man; Porter fades back fifteen yards and lets fly with his left hand. It's a beauty, folks, and looks like it might hit. It does! Lehigh leading 6-0."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now in the closing minutes of the last quarter. Lehigh is ahead thirty-three to nothing. This Porter has been a fighting fool. Doc Wilson sure pulled a good one out of the bag this time. We all thought that this Porter lad couldn't pass. I guess he couldn't with his right hand, but that was to fool the newspapers. This lad really can complete them. It looks as if Lehigh will have no opposition this year, and this announcer already casts his vote for Porter to make the All-American."

—

Doc Wilson was down in the locker rooms after the game. An elderly gentleman came walking up. "Hello, Doc.

Congratulations! Your boys played a marvelous game. Say, where did you ever dig up that left-handed passer. He is the best Lehigh has seen since yourself."

"I didn't dig him up. My daughter did," Doc replied in a happy voice.

"Betty did," spoke the gentleman. "How, when, where?"

"Well, it is a long story, but I'll make it as short as I can," Doc answered. "You see, this lad, Duane Porter, was born in Anthony, Kentucky. From early infancy his mother has been trying to break him of the habit of using his left hand. Naturally this meant nagging, whippings and so forth. Well, he learned to use his right hand to a certain extent, but never well. This got him the nickname of "Clumsy" in his home town. His self-consciousness grew until he was as nervous and jittery as anyone could be. One day he heard of the game ping pong. He wanted to learn, but it was too fast a game for his awkward right hand. So, in the privacy of his own basement, he started practicing with his left hand. Naturally, being born left-handed, it wasn't long before he became proficient at the game. This is where my daughter comes into the tale. You see, she has a crush on the fellow, and he came over to the house last week. I had already told her about his inability to throw a forward pass. She knew he was throwing them right-handed. Well, when he came over they played ping pong, and when she saw him using his left hand she surmised why he couldn't pass, and very tactfully she wheedled the whole story out of him. He said that he had been nagged so much around the house that he became sort of left-hand

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conscious. When he came down here to school he figured that he would get the tar bawled out of him if he didn't pass with his right hand. After I found out the whole story from my daughter it didn't take long to straighten him out. A week of practice, and he has developed into the finest passer in the Conference." Doc took a deep breath as he finished.

"Well, that is indeed an interesting story," spoke the gray-haired gentleman. "Speaking as President of the Alumni, I hereby ask you to sign a new and

better contract to continue as Coach of Lehigh for ten more years."

Doc's eyes misted as he took out his fountain pen." And to think I owe it all to a young lad whom I probably never will be able to repay."

"Well, from the looks of this I think you might be wrong there," returned the gentleman. "Isn't that your daughter over there kissing the young man you will never be able to repay!"

"Well, darned if it isn't," said Doc with a happy grin on his face. "Give me that contract."

TO SIRMIO

A Paraphrase of Catullus, XXXI

by

Edward Gruber '37

Sirmio, thou star of all the sea,
No sweeter home for men does Neptune bear.
How willingly do I return to thee
When I am all alone without a care.

But can I trust this stuff which fancy yields:
That once again my eye doth thee attain
And that it gazed its last on Thynian fields
And left behind the wide Bithynian plain?

Ah, what can be more pleasant than to rest
At home, when tired out by travel's toil
We lift our cares and burdens from our breast
And dream we live on fair Elysian soil.

Greetings, lovely Sirmio, and rejoice;
And dance, ye Lydian waves, with merry glee,
And let loud laughter echo through your voice,
Sirmio, thou star of all the sea.

HATS

THE ETERNAL HAT

By Anthony Flynn '41

From the fur parka worn in the coldest wastes of snowbound Alaska, to the pith helmets worn in the torrid veldts of southernmost Africa, hats are worn. From the crude attempt of the Neanderthal aborigine to the "streamlined" styles of today, there have been hats. In all the countries of the world, in gay France, in bluff England, in colorful Mexico, in quaint Switzerland, in the mysterious Orient they have never ceased to be worn, and never will.

In all the infinite realm of hats there are but two distinct kinds. While in many instances they are constructed of the same material, they are as intrinsically opposite as good and evil. These different species are men's and women's hats.

Almost invariably, men's hats are commonplace creations, made for the sole purpose of giving good service. They are practically all made of felt, and can be shaped to fit the whims of the wearer. Men's hats are like men themselves, seldom given to any conspicuity. Occasionally, a certain style may be a trifle radical, but such occasions are infrequent.

And now, women's hats. Being a man, and with a man's cynical amusement for

the peculiarities of feminine headdress, I may seem rather prejudiced, but please bear with me, ladies, in this rendition of my opinions.

In the great category of women's hats, there are as many hats and styles as there are sands on the seashore. There are round, square, high, flat, wide, thin hats, in as many shapes as you have ever conceived in your wildest dreams.

Down through history women's hats have been strange, and with the passage of time they have grown steadily more absurd. Ever since the time when that famous French courtesan, Empress Eugenie, has a hat designed to form a suitable background for her own particular personality women have endeavored to achieve the unusual in their hats. For every "ensemble" in milady's wardrobe, there is a hat. A woman is never seen without one. She may be walking bare-headed to derive the full benefit of a cooling zephyr, but a hat will be in her hand. One cannot fathom the depths of the female mind, so the reason will always remain unknown.

All through the pages of history hats have played a part in each important event. From the dim past ages to the

*Editor's note. The four essays on hats which follow were selected from a group of essays submitted in one division of senior high school English. In the interest of better Catholic journalism we ask the exchange editors of the college journals with which we exchange to act as judges. A prize will be given to the winner.

THE ETERNAL HAT

seemingly enlightened modern age one invariably comes in contact with hats.

The Vikings, those dauntless corsairs that roamed the vast blue expanse of the sea in their frail craft, wore helmets of steel to protect their heads against the slashing blows of their adversaries. The great fighters wore a horn protruding from either side of their helmet, calculated to have an effect on the courage of their opponents. Leif the Lucky, when first he sighted America, bore on his blond head such a helmet.

In the Crusades, during the age when lives were cheap, and such feats of valor were performed by knights as to make the world ring with their plaudits ever since, steel helmets were worn to ward off the brain-smashing blows of the Saracen scimitars.

At the fall of Constantinople the barbarous Turks rushed forward at the stern, forbidding walls, fiercely shouting, ready and eager to fight and die, wearing the turban, customary headwear of their race for countless centuries.

In those bloody days when Alexander, that bold Macedonian, rode his beautiful horse, Bucephalus, into the fray, when he journeyed through countless nations, ravaging and pillaging all in his way, he wore on his majestic head a helmet made of the finest steel, inlaid with gold.

On that memorable day when Columbus, greatest of all explorers, sighted on the distant horizon the purple blot that was to be named America, endure many vicissitudes, and at length emerge from the melee of nations as the grandest and farthest progressed country the world had ever witnessed, he doffed his plumed hat and murmured words of gratitude to a benevolent Creator.

Marco Polo, scion of a great family of adventurers, when he stood dazzled before the brilliancy of the throne of the mighty Genghis Khan, removed his hat of fine velvet and bowed low before the monarch.

When Sir Francis Drake, gentleman pirate, was knighted on the blood-washed decks of his own vessel by Elizabeth, the beautiful tyrant who ruled England, he swept off his hat and bowed to the ground like the true courtier he was.

On December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims, hardy ancestors of a thriving nation, landed at Plymouth Rock. Upon sighting their future home these poor, persecuted people indubitably removed their broad-brimmed hats and rendered thanks to Almighty God.

Napoleon, "the mighty atom," when he fought his countless battles, always sat on his war horse, cocked hat on head, hand in coat, watching the maneuvers of his veteran troops.

Wellington at Waterloo ordered his troops about with his hat drawn down over his haggard face, and when, in the moment of greatest necessity, Marshal Blucher and his Prussians arrived with a flourish of trumpets, it is probable he threw his hat into the air if he was capable of such a boyish demonstration.

At those stirring moments when Otto von Bismarck, Germany's ablest soldier, rode into battle with his splendid array of troops, his austere countenance was inevitably encased in an iron hat.

During the French Revolution, when the surging masses of the oppressed people attacked the seemingly impregnable Bastile, they wore stocking caps, bearing, as their insignia, a crimson badge. These same hats were brandished in glee while

they witnessed the silent sufferings of the victims of that horrible machine of death, La Guillotine.

Thus you observe that hats, down through the ages of history, have been in all the dilemmas and experienced all

the joys of their famous wearers. And so they pass on in an interminable procession, small hats, big hats, wide and thin hats, and will continue to pass on until the end of time.

HAT PLANTS

By Donald Hardebeck '41

You and I, all of us, have at some time in our life been on a farm — on grandfather's farm, or uncle's farm, or a friend's farm. We have noticed that the farm is divided into fields in each of which grows a crop. In one there is corn; in another, wheat; in another, hay. The last of June is an excellent time to observe all the different crops. Then the healthy young corn plants, shooting out their tender green leaves, are plainly visible. The fields of waving grain just in bloom or already turned to a rich golden yellow also catch the eye. To see the gentle breeze glide over a field of ripening wheat is a rare treat.

Suppose that you and I were selected to take an air trip around the world, to observe and take notes on the many plants we would see while in the air. Starting from some point in the prairies of central United States, we would see the corn belt of Indiana, Missouri and Iowa; then the cattle ranches of the West; later the rippling wheat fields of Montana. Thence over the timberland of the mountains, and before sailing over the greatest of all waters, the fruit

orchards and vineyards of California. When we arrived on the other side of our earth the flooded rice fields of China and the terraced mountain sides covered with tea bushes would stand out prominently.

Let us take a turn down to Australia. We see there the great pasture lands. Once again over the largest of all continents, India, we try in vain to penetrate the jungles through the dense foliage of trees, vines and bushes of all sorts. Always in the air, however, we would tell the pilot to fly especially low over the small farms of Europe. On and on we would tour over all the continents, taking in many countries. Why, without going into technical details as to their makeup, we could write volumes and volumes on the plants of the world as viewed from the air. We would find that each country grows plants that are adapted to its peculiar climate and soil conditions. However, we would observe that there is a certain plant which grows on all continents, in all countries, and furthermore, that it grows best and in largest numbers

HAT PLANTS

wherever in the world buildings are found.

The more buildings, the more plants. They grow all the way from four and one-half to six and one-half feet tall. Most of these plants have on them what we generally term hats; hence these plants must be hat plants. Although they all bear a hat, these hats too are affected by the climatic or even the soil condition of the region in which they thrive. The whole earth seems like one great field of hat plants.

Let us take this in a different light. We will go up to about the eighth story of a building in the business district of a city. Looking down, we will see thousands of people wearing hats. If they do not all wear hats, and of course some of the younger ones will not be wearing them, it merely appears that this group of hat plants is not as yet developed enough to produce a hat.

It looks like some new, strange development in agriculture-hat plants. But as a matter of fact, they are not at all new. It is not known just when hats were first introduced; however, centuries ago they were made and worn. All countries into which explorers have wandered had hats; every tribe and clan of old produced some sort of headgear.

Now, of course, they all had their reasons for bringing forth hats, the two chief reasons being for protection and for ornamentation. There are many reasons why hats were developed for protection. Due to the extreme cold, hat plants of the North produced hats which would afford them protection from the onslaughts of nature. They soon discovered that fur hats were the best suited for that purpose. The hat plants of the very

hot climates also needed to develop a hat to protect them against the climatic condition of their region. The intense heat and bright sun had to be warded off. They, therefore, made hats of straw, the lightest, coolest material possible, and attached to them a very wide brim.

In bloodthirsty nations the hat plants developed hats of a different nature and for a different purpose. In Spain, for example, where for centuries the people have been quarreling, fighting, and slaughtering one another, a hat of a rather queer nature developed. The people were in danger of their lives; it did not matter to what party or following they belonged; it was very probable that they would be murdered if seen on the street. To conceal their identity they developed a hat that fell down over their faces.

Nations with military ambitions needed hats for protection; consequently they developed hats built for endurance and resistance, to protect the head against wounds and blows.

Many hat plants of the world had no particular motive for developing a special type of hat, but being hat plants they could not bear to allow the plants in a different section of the great field to outdo them. Their hats were as a result mostly of the ornamental type. Each section of the great field gradually changed the shape and style of its hats until the hats of one group were entirely different from those of another. From this developed superstitions and traditions by which people were bound to hats of a certain shape or style.

Some very odd and indeed queer forms of hats developed from this fact. The women of Nigeria now wear hats with

a very wide brim only because of some unique tradition of that country. The Shan girls of Burma have a straw hat with a cone-shaped crown worn over a turban which is the product of a superstition.

Several centuries ago each country had its own headwear. But all the countries that call themselves civilized now have hats that vary greatly in shape, size and color; the material, however, remains the same year after year.

In the less civilized countries fashion decrees fewer changes; a certain style of headdress once adopted is held for generations. The women of Sikkim, India, wear an extreme frame decorated with gold ornaments and precious stones. The Siamese hill women also go to extremes. Their quaint headdress consists of a huge wooden framework covered with a fine lace.

The headdress of fashion for both sexes of the hat plants reached its highest development in Europe in the eighteenth century. Its simplification, due to the general adoption of short hair, has resulted in the employment of the felt hat now generally worn by all the hat plants of Europe and America. The kinds of hats now produced are so numerous as to be almost beyond the possibility of classification. The felt hat, which includes the soft and the stiff; the straw hat; and silk hat are the three general types. All the other kinds are but variations in some way of these three.

Simplicity is the keynote of the masculine hat plants of the civilized countries. Decorations have given way to a simple, clean-cut design in which sufficient variety is retained to make their hats attractive, stylish, and distinctive.

Nature, however, has endowed the feminine hat plants of the civilized countries with the desire for that which is new. They want something different, it doesn't matter what shape or size, or of what kind of material — just so it is the latest. Each one of these hat plants has her own preferred shape and style. There are no two alike. This is due to the fact that each woman hat plant dislikes to see another wear a hat like the one she has. They are very changeable too. It seems that they can never be satisfied. One season they have high hats; the following, perhaps long ones; the third, their hats may have very wide brims; the next, no brims at all. Moreover, each type will have a thousand and one variations.

We have now had glimpses of the many kinds of hats in the great hat field. We have seen that all the hat plants of the world have hats, the styles, shapes, sizes and makeup as varied as the habits and tongues of men. We have learned that hats are for two main purposes: for ornamentation and for protection of one kind or another. We have discovered that superstitions and traditions have played an important part in the styles and shapes of the hats in the less civilized countries and that the hats of those countries remain the same for generations; that in the civilized countries where there are no superstitions or scrupulous traditions styles and shapes change many, many times within a single generation. Taking all into consideration, I think the hats of the civilized countries have a decided advantage over those of the uncivilized for the simple reason, proved true in a thousand ways, variety pleases.

A CHARACTER ORACLE

By Stanislaus Skees '41

Centuries ago, beyond man's reckoning, hats were a factor in the dress of mankind. Hats, though, are not merely headwear. Of course, in answer to your query, spontaneously invoked by this assertion, I concede that hats were made primarily to shelter from rain, wind, heat and cold, man's most prized endowment, his brain vault. That they are a necessary asset to men's apparel is proved by the general use of them, whether they be made of animal pelts, of felt, of straw, or of some textile fabric. But their universal acceptance and varied compositions do not disprove the fact that they serve other purposes than that of only a mere headdress. A hat also tends to express the mood or character of its wearer and to add to his personal good appearance.

In the hustle and bustle of crowded sidewalks, the undulating waves of hatted heads depict a picturesque tale exclusively their own. A battered dirty hat here, a glossy new one there, a white panama on the crest of that wave, a derby in the trough; thus each individual hat, or an entire sea of hats, has its separate story to portray. However, the interpretation of this graphic novelette is left entirely to the observation of the individual.

That dark fedora culminating a broad, muscular figure whose eyes are well shaded by the hat's brim, may presage

that its bearer is what is commonly termed a gangster. Not indeed that a miniature automatic or tommy gun is stuck in his hat band, as are the circular pins, gaudily proclaiming one a P.W.A. employee, but that his eyes are partially concealed from general view. This intimates that something behind the shade is strictly private and is therefore guarded from the stares of ubiquitous personages. A drawn window curtain does not mean that what's private in the isolated room is criminal, yet the actions in progress therein are of consequence only to the participants. So a man's mind, whether working incriminatingly or not, functions just as well when the windows, meaning the eyes, are shaded as it would do if the full glare of the sun were streaming in. Still people do not ordinarily wear their hats on their foreheads, and gangsters oftentimes do, having sufficient fear of recognizing stares by passersby to warrant it.

I'll bet that light hat with the brilliant little feather in the hatband is an appropriate hit with the lasses. It's cocked at a very acute angle too. Maybe the young lad's head is a little off keel; probably it has a mite too much of that fliprant cargo called "sparkin" in the larboard hold. Say what I may, though, it still exhibits a large portion of modern youth's devil-may-care joviality. The spontaneity of the younger generation is reflected in its rakish and smart lines.

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It represents the style trend of modern youth.

The most expressive tale pictured by any headgear is that portrayed by the farmer's characteristic "straw-jimmy." Its age is not reckoned by its teeth, like an animal's, for it has none, nor has it rings like a tree; but by the amount of droop and frazzle to the brim is its senility computed. The undulating sweat marks above the hat band are an accurate graph of the heat temperatures of the consecutive summers through which the "jimmy" has lived. Dirty marks from begrimed and sweaty hands show the times that its master has rested from the toil of tilling, or paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. Like the radiator of a car, the upper part of the hat is perforated by innumerable holes to cool the motor of its owner's body, his head. Many rains and days of scorching heat have together disfigured it, similar to the way the years and sorrows of life wrinkle and dry up human beings. It is a composite picture of a farmer's struggle to eke out an existence from Mother Earth by the sweat of his brow.

When one approaches a mule does not the animal throw his long ears forward at attention and at the least suspicious sign or movement do not the ears instantly roll back for action? One who has observed this phenomenon knows the result of such maneuvers — a very damaging kick if one is not wary. Some salesmen remind me very much of a mule. When a mulish salesman confronts an honorable citizen he doffs his

hat courteously and replaces it at attention, slightly forward on his head. The business proceeds, but he is making no headway and suspects failure. Immediately his hat rolls back for action, and he proceeds to spread his line. Now, my friend, is the opportune time to beware of the kick, lest you sadly rue your unwariness after the damage has been accomplished.

Ladies' hats, though not made to any uniform designs, also tend to indicate the mood and character of the wearers, but mostly their lot is to enhance the beauty of their feminine owners. To the spirited young co-ed, a small hat of various shapes and colors and cocked at some unusual angle most aptly expresses her mood. The lass of "courtin'" age mostly prefers a broad-brimmed hat that makes her an uncomfortable nuisance during a fast ride on a hot day. She must have the windows closed lest the draft put her hat to flight and rout her hair. The young lady at the marriageable stage in life invariably will dig up her most suppressed desire — whether it's to be saint or imp, dignified lady or a "gal with dash" — and she'll find a hat to oblige.

A twofold purpose, therefore, is allotted to hats; that of something to cover one's head and keep it warm, and that of oracular exposition of character. Thus, you see, a hat is not supposed merely to be slouched on the head in any position, like a headpiece for a scarecrow. It must be worn with care, and great pains should be taken to obtain one that portrays the correct characterization.

OSTENTATIOUS HEADWEAR

By George Lubeley '41

Ostentatious — ostentatious —, what acceptance of the word does the author wish us to assume?" is a question that will no doubt pour from the mouths of my readers as they read the title. Truly, before I continue, a precise definition of that word as used in the heading is requisite. "Unduly conspicuous," the acceptance that is to be followed throughout this essay, presents two extremes: first, undue conspicuousness because of simplicity; secondly, undue conspicuousness because of artificiality and ornamentation.

If the peoples of the ancient world had not begun to wear fillets, narrow bands for securing the hair, I probably would be struggling with some essay other than that concerning hats. For, you see, that narrow band was the basis upon which all hats were ever created. In primitive times fillets served the purpose of identifying the organizations of groups of men, of discriminating the sexes, and of showing the rank or class of the different persons. The use last mentioned reminds me to a great extent of the one which our present day common and expensive hats serve.

Even ancient Rome possessed a tinge of modern philosophy. At least that is what we assume when we discover that the Romans endeavored to "beat the other fellow." How did they accomplish that end? Not, as you might suppose, by building a magnificent, more modern

aqueduct; but, as a milliner of the present day would consider it, simply by inventing three new types of hats. Those three Roman types of headdress were: the cansia, a felt hat having a high crown and broad brim slightly rolled; the pileus, also of felt, somewhat resembling a skull cap; and the petasus, a broadrimmed hat of low crown, tied either behind the ears or below the chin. From a description you can readily perceive that these hats were devoid of ornamentation, that is, they were too plain. In that respect, then, the hats of the Romans were ostentatious. For according to the first part of my definition in the introduction, ostentation is undue conspicuousness because of simplicity or plainness. We cannot, however, be too vindictive toward the unfortunate Romans, as they did furnish us the initial styles of the modern hat.

Believe it or not, to the mind of an American woman it is possible to compare the headwear of the Greek and Roman ladies to a tailless bantam rooster. Don't laugh. I was never more serious in all my life. You still persist in that unbeliefing attitude, don't you? Well, then, I'll prove my statement correct. The average bantam rooster believes that his handsomeness lies in the beauty of his tail, and the average American woman believes, directly or indirectly, that the handsomeness of her hats lies in the beauty of the trimmings with which they

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are adorned. But the headwear of the Greek and Roman ladies had no trimmings. Therefore, if you remove the tail from the rooster, and the trimmings from the modern woman's hat, which would then be the same as the Greek or Roman headwear with regard to beauty, you are then able to make your comparison.

Since, as was stated in the argument, the hats of Greek and Roman women had no ornamentation, they fail in the same respect as men's headwear from the same countries: that is, they are ostentatious because of their simplicity or plainness.

Headdress during the period from the early Middle Ages until approximately the twelfth century could be assigned to the same class as those of the Greeks and Romans. But hats from the twelfth to the fifteenth century underwent radical changes. Such a transformation might be compared with the one automobiles experienced in the last decade. Looking at the phenomenal change in headwear from the standpoint of the ancient Greeks, it would seem as though some powerful god had snatched one of the old hats from earth, twisted the brim, elongated the top until it became all sorts of shapes, toyed with it as a child might with mud-pies, and finally tossed it discontentedly from his abode high in the fleecy clouds back to Mother Earth.

The helmet-shaped hat in the twelfth gave way in the succeeding century to a hat with a high crown, peaked front, and turned up back. In the eleventh century the common cap had a loose crown that began to fall over on one side. With succeeding years the crown seemed to become narrower and to fall farther toward the ground, until the fifteenth cen-

tury found the crown wide at the shoulders, then suddenly forming into a long thin point, the end of which dangled idly about the knees.

Until I read the description of that hat, I had credited the hatters of the fifteenth century with at least a bit of ingenuity. Now, however, I am inclined to think they possessed none whatever. Can you imagine that rational beings allowed to slip from their grasp the opportunity of carrying a sword in such a marvelously concealed place? Yet, that is exactly what they did. Honestly, when I discover something in my study of hats that would have been advantageous to mankind but that failed simply because it was not employed to its greatest value, I become so disgusted that I feel that I should do justice to mankind, myself included, by giving up that study. In those times each baron-robber could have killed three more people than he did; each soldier, two more; each person with a grudge, his deadliest enemy. Think of all the opportunities for murder wasted because of a milliner's lack of ingenuity.

So far all the hats considered except one, the hat with the long point, marked a milestone, as it were, in the history of headwear. For, in the remaining part of this essay, you will probably note that of the hats described, all but two can be placed under the second category as laid down in my introduction. The two exceptions are: first, the tall, wide-brimmed hats worn by the Puritans: secondly, the bowl-resembling derby of the present day.

About the time Columbus discovered America a low-crowned hat with turned up brim came into vogue. It was decorated with a large plume of feathers at-

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tached to the front and curved backward quite a bit after the fashion of a catboat listing heavily in the wind, I would say.

Eccentric styles in men's headwear of the fifteenth century greatly surpass those of the eighteenth and twentieth. At that time there seemed to be no limit as to the peaks or number of baskets set upon the head. Strangest of all perhaps were the productions with high crowns and with horns protruding horizontally from the top. The brims and lower peaks were decorated with costly veils fastened with wires in such a manner that they presented most fantastic shapes.

These of course were not the only types of hats prevalent in that period. Throughout this essay it has been my policy to use as illustrations only those headdresses which best show the spirit of their times.

From the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, inclusive, the predominating hats were those with wide brims, sometimes curled and generally decorated with feathers. The Puritan headdresses of the reign of Charles I remind me of waste paper baskets which have had the unfortunate lot of being shrunk to hat size, supplemented by a wide brim, finally inverted, and then placed upon the head of some unwary victim.

Thus far in our study of ostentatious headwear we have examined only that of past ages. Now, however, we arrive at the important consideration of modern headdresses.

Women of the present time assign

excessive importance to their hats. By what authority do they attach a beautiful bird's feather to their headwear? They do not consider how the miserable little bird must be offended by their act. Other decorations, much more elaborate than the one just mentioned, certainly cause women's hats of modern times to be classed as ostentatious because of undue artificiality and ornamentation.

Grasp an old kitchen pan firmly in both hands; slowly apply pressure to it from opposite sides until it assumes an oblong shape; attach a brim around the open top; paint the entire contraption black; invert it; place it upon your head, and you have, even though I say it myself, a capital example of an American derby. The tendency of modern male milliners is to omit the decorations used in former ages, and in their stead to substitute plain bands and bows.

Ah yes, reader, you have drawn the correct conclusion. Men's hats are ostentatious. You yourself know the reason why.

Simply because I disagree with all the styles of millinery is no reason to suspect that I am mentally unbalanced. Just because I believe that we should abolish the use of headwear entirely gives you no reason to suspect that I have lost my mind. For the simple reason that I want to go jump in the lake with my hands and feet bound affords you no opportunity of proclaiming me —. Wait a second! — Perhaps I am! But then, a subject like this could drive anyone insane.

ON THE STAND

By Bernard Badke '39

Albert Tangora, handwriting expert, sat quietly in the back of the courtroom waiting for cross-examination. He was as calm and unconcerned as though he were unaware that the outcome of the Reigh forgery case rested largely upon him. A little man with gray hair and a kind, tired face.

The Great Maxie was at his delight when he could make fools of the opposing witnesses. It was a good idea, but it wasn't the ethical way to obtain justice in a court of law. Maxie was a showman who made fools out of everybody but himself.

Tangora disliked Maxie and wished to get something on him, so that the people would laugh at him; in other words, he wished to make a fool out of Maxie. When Tangora heard his name called, he arose and made his way up the aisle of the packed courtroom.

"Mr. Tangora," Maxie said, "you have already testified for the defense that you are a handwriting expert. Am I right?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You have also testified that the letter admitted to evidence as Exhibit Number Four could not have been written by the defendant?"

"That's right."

It was upon a piece of paper that the prosecution rested. Would Maxie worry Tangora at all?

"I presume you consider your opinion

on handwriting superior to that of the average person."

"I do."

Maxie crossed swiftly to the table where his brief case lay and extracted a paper. "Can you tell me just for the benefit of the court, Mr. Tangora, how many persons wrote these lines, and with how many pens?"

Tangora was quite sure that the only person who wrote on the paper was the Great Maxie, but with regard to the number of pens, that would take more study. He then left the stand and took this letter to the window. Turning it in every possible way, he finally held it up against the light. He knew that Maxie was mocking his movements.

Maxie, up to his old trick of trying to set an honest witness up to ridicule, was waiting now for a snap judgment. There wouldn't be a snap judgment because this time Maxie was going to be the laughing stock. Time, that was what Tangora needed; just a few minutes.

"Your Honor," he said, "I request to have more time to examine this paper."

"Having difficulty, Mr. Tangora?"

"I would rather not say. If the court would permit me during the noon recess —?"

"Granted."

The noon recess was over. The jurors filed back into the panel, the judge took his seat, and Maxie again resumed his

place before the witness box. Every eye in the courtroom was on Albert Tangora as he remounted the stand.

"May I have the paper back?" asked Maxie. "Have you examined it thoroughly, Mr. Tangora?"

"I have."

"Well, then, would you please tell us how many people wrote it and with how many pens?"

"I would say one person wrote it with one pen."

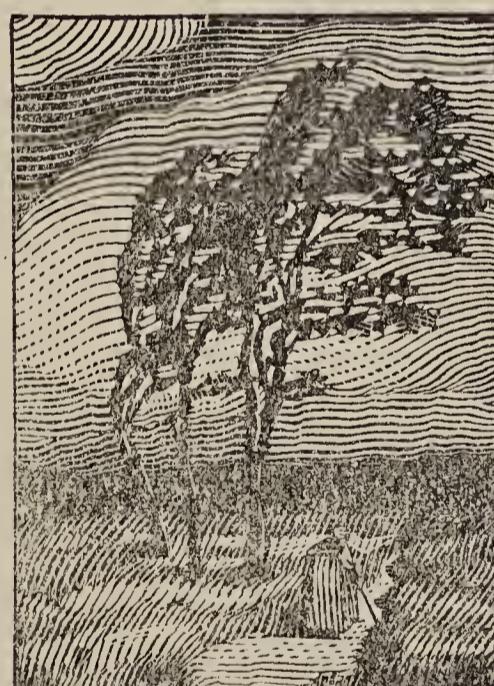
"Oh!" Maxie walked over to the table and slapped the paper face up for the attorneys to see. "I wrote those sen-

tences last evening in my office, and here, Your Honor, are the two pens I used!"

The people stamped their feet and yelled their approval of the show. Maxie grinned with delight at the jury.

"Order!" bellowed the judge. "Mr. Expert Witness, have you anything to say?"

"Only this, Your Honor. The paper he glanced at and accepted a moment ago is not his own; it is a copy of it which I made myself with one pen during the noon recess."



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EDITORIALS

Doctor Arthur Deering, the author of our guest editorial this month, did his graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania where he received his degree in 1931, the topic of his dissertation being *Sir Samuel Ferguson, Poet and Antiquarian*. At present he is Professor of English at the Catholic University of America, specializing principally in the American Drama and Shakespeare. Doctor Deering is a lecturer, critic, and authority on Shakespeare.

We joyfully print this article because it expresses so forcefully and sincerely one fundamental ideal of the Catholic litterateur. It is characteristic of the author as is one sentence of the letter he sent with his manuscript: "I enjoyed doing this and hope you will not fail to give me another chance some other time."

Intellectual Curiosity

Somewhere along the years of your rising you heard once or twice, or many times, that "Curiosity killed the cat." The inference was that our fine young son must curb his bent toward the curious. Looking back at that family discipline we have a right to regret that our curiosity was so squelched, so hedged in, for in the academic world of today there is one characteristic which all students and teachers stand in great need of — curiosity, Intellectual Curiosity.

By intellectual curiosity I do not mean that characteristic of prying into people's business affairs. I do not mean that insatiable appetite for gossip, nor that undignified interference in the daily programs of others. Nor do I mean that idle speculation about what "George" is going to do with his assignment.

By intellectual curiosity I mean that restless search for truth that leaves us all unsatisfied until we have looked into the last possible source. I think rather of that self-discipline which will not permit a smugness to come into our own opinions. I mean that forward looking vision that is ever searching out new methods of re-expressing old ideas. By intellectual curiosity I mean that abiding interest in the world's affairs that we men of this day must have if we are to be able to understand our problems, our neighbors, or ourselves.

This intellectual curiosity is akin to the lust for knowledge, as distinct from the lust for power. Through knowledge we can come to be the true possessors of all the traditions of the human race. Through knowledge we can sift those traditions and save the good for the generations yet unborn. We stand today midway between the past and the present, and we do, whether we know it or not, act as the agents of the future in providing the men of the future with the materials of the past. Are we to

pass on good materials or faulty ones? The intellectually curious will know what has happened in the past in this respect. He will detect the spurious from the real. He will assess perverted materials for what they are worth. He will by his curiosity establish unwittingly a standard of taste and critical judgment.

For instance, many men at many different times have dipped into the Old and New Testaments for materials for their contemporary writing, until Shakespeare in his day was forced to observe that the devil could quote scripture for his purpose. Oscar Wilde was hailed for his contribution to the drama because in *Salome* he wove the dialogue right out of the thoughts found in the *Canticle of Canticles*. Did those men who so praised Wilde know that St. John of the Cross made use of the same materials in his *Spiritual Canticle*? Wilde worked into those materials the slime of the serpent; John of the Cross gave us our finest conception of the spiritual marriage. Of the two, which would good taste prefer to pass on to the literature of tomorrow? The curious man knows these things because he has come upon them in his restless search, or he knows such things exist by an intuition born of the spirit of discovery. The intellectually curious man is aware of the throbbing pulse of events of his own day. He is aware of the memorials of the past. He is aware of the momentousness of the morrow.

To be intellectually curious is to be aware of the world of man and of the Kingdom of God.

Arthur Deering, Ph.D.

Slaves

Even in this our modern day there are some pseudo-efficient people who are really only slaves of rigid routine. They do the same thing in the same manner day after day and year after year until they reach that fatal point where any irregularity makes them ill at ease and quite at a loss in conducting themselves in an advantageous manner. When any man arrives at such a point he is in a sad state of affairs, although he himself does not realize it.

Most of the outstanding figures in history were men and women who cared little for stern routine living, regular hours and iron-clad programs. There are men living today who arise at noon and are yet more important to their business than others who arise at dawn.

When I read about a man who hasn't missed a single meeting of his Club for ten years, or a man who hasn't missed singing in the choir every Sunday for forty-five years, I feel deeply sorry for him. That unfortunate man is bound hand and foot by fetters which he himself has forged. For him there is no escape until the grave.

Not that it makes any vital difference to himself or to anyone for that matter, if he hasn't missed a meeting of his Club for over ten years or has sung in the choir for forty-five years. In fact, it would not make ten cents worth of difference if he sang in the choir for a hundred years, excepting perhaps the quality of the music. But a vital difference does exist in the fact that this man has built up something that he himself is not strong enough to destroy.

Success simply doesn't come to slaves

EDITORIALS

of iron-clad routine. Success rightfully comes to those who taste the spice of life and then give in return the most of their powers. The efforts of those people who give over and above are the efforts that eventually reap the laurels of success. To the slave of routine comes only the monotonous consolation of doing eight hours of work, getting eight hours of sleep and passing eight hours in play. To slaves come only the crumbs from the banquet table of the master of opportunity.

R. J. T. '38

Cooperation

Though novel, the recent cooperation of eminent Catholics and Protestants in an anti-Communistic campaign is a step forward on the ladder of progress. And this marks the second time within a few years that American Christians have joined hands in defense against their common enemies — impractical theories of government cloaked in the role of terrestrial utopias, and motion pictures dressed as Lady Virtue.

Farther back than is commonly realized lies the nucleus of twentieth century Christian cooperation. With the introduction of science and the birth of industrialization, the nineteenth century saw the exploitation of the workers, the disintegration of Protestantism, and fierce attacks against Catholicism shake the whole civilized world. However well Christianity may have emerged from these catastrophic times, the discontented masses were filled with the false philosophies of such would-be reformers as

Marx, Hegel, Engels, Bakunin and others.

America, though escaping many of the more horrible effects of the industrial revolution and the laissez-faire doctrine, nevertheless felt the presence of agitators of totalitarianism. Their efforts received little encouragement before the war because the government beginning with Theodore Roosevelt passed laws which temporarily ameliorated the lot of the laborers. However, subsequent to the war and its aftermath, the depression, the appeal of collectivistic propaganda increased as suffering and privation spread. In addition, the short-lived prosperity immediately following the war, and the lack of moral restraint known to accompany such periods, served but to accelerate the acceptance of Communism.

Keen observers of politics have noted that day by day the river of Communistic propaganda is swelling with alarming rapidity, and that contemporary societal forms are threatened. Consequently American Christians, quick to the defense of their beliefs, wisely mobilizing their hitherto separated forces, with the image of chaotic war-torn Spain their motivating power, advance to a battle surpassing even that of the crusades. Their first act of nation-wide cooperation, the eminently successful Legion of Decency, paved the way for a greater drive against their more insidious enemy — Communism.

Today on the threshold of that new campaign, American Catholics and Protestants stand confident and invincible.

J. K. '39

CRITICISM

Books

GONE WITH THE WIND By Margaret Mitchell

This is beyond doubt one of the most pleasing, most convincing presentations of the Civil War that has ever been put into fiction. It has been a long time since the American reading public has been offered such an absorbing and powerful narrative.

Miss Margaret Mitchell's novel, *Gone with the Wind* is fascinating and unforgettable in several respects. Primarily, it displays a superb piece of storytelling that is retained unshaken throughout its thousand odd pages. Then too, the author's character delineation is amazing. The central figures seem to live, grow and change in perfect harmony with the passing events.

This stirring tale rotates around the distinct personalities of its characters. Scarlett O'Hara, born of aristocratic parents, arrives at young womanhood just in time to see the Civil War destroy the life for which her upbringing had prepared her. After the fall of Atlanta it is her stubborn shrewdness that saves her relatives and friends, Ashley and Melanie Wilkes, from starvation.

She has known starvation and vows never to be hungry again. To this end she intrigues Rhett Butler, blockade runner and charming scoundrel, into being her ally and finally her husband.

Miss Mitchell carries this plot to a logical and unforced conclusion.

The real triumph of this novel is Scarlett O'Hara, a heroine possessing all the qualities that should make this book a sensation. She is a vital creature, stubborn, shrewd, selfish, courageous and domineering. Born of a gently bred mother and an Irish peasant father, she inherited charm from the one and from the other the determination and will-power that enabled her to survive the wreckage of the Civil War. She will live in her own right as a memorable figure in American fiction as will her oft-repeated words: "I won't think of it now. I'll think of it tomorrow."

Another important character is that of Rhett Butler, cynical and hard, who openly sneered at the blind patriotism of the Southerners, and who, as a daring blockade runner, reaped the fruits of confusion and corruption. His irresistible ways with women and his deep, virile actions prove a credible foil for Scarlett's charm and shrewdness. Miss Mitchell's portrayal of these two characters provides great possibilities for dramatic scenes.

Scarlett's friend, Melanie, whom Ashley Wilkes marries, meets the same hardships with equal courage but with better grace. Scarlett uses every available weapon; Melanie refuses to break with her ideals. Melanie is a modern version

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of Shakespeare's Cordelia, but underneath her Southern sweetness and generosity is a mountain of courage and determination. These qualities save her from utter insignificance as simply the "other woman."

Ashley Wilkes, for whom the world died at Appomattox, is a fitting contrast to Scarlett's impetuosity. Ashley, the ideal plantation gentleman, cannot adjust himself to the post-bellum Reconstruction. As the story opens we are proud to meet Ashley Wilkes, but as it closes our pride turns to sympathy.

These four central figures portray the ruggedness, strength and beauty of north Georgia's red hills. The host of other characters, white and black, form a rich picture of every phase of Southern life. It may be true that Miss Mitchell's style is not distinguished, but this story of Scarlett O'Hara is written with a rare sensitiveness that serves the author well.

Let me end by saying in the words of J. Donald Adams of *The New York Times*: "It is a book of uncommon quality, a superb piece of story-telling which nobody who finds pleasure in the art of fiction can afford to neglect."

Richard J. Trame '38

CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS

By Rev. Virgilius H. Krull, C.P.P.S.

A Christian is a member of any religion based on the belief in the one true God and His Ten Commandments. Do you know that over one-half of all the Christians in the world are Catholics? Do you know that there are more than twice as many non-Christians (not believing in the true God) in the world as there

are Christians? Do you know that Confucius has almost as great a following as Christ?

These and a thousand and one other interesting questions that might arise are clearly and briefly answered in Father Krull's book entitled *Christian Denominations*. It is a brief but complete exposition of the Catholic religion, supplemented by a short history and a summary of the main doctrines of each of the Protestant sects. The book is also prefaced with up-to-date statistics of all the more well-known religions of the world.

The unique features, however, which characterize and distinguish *Christian Denominations* from all other similar current works are its clarity, compactness, and brevity. The matter which is ordinarily treated in terms of volumes Father Krull has condensed into a single complete and practicable compendium, almost small enough to be called a vest-pocket edition. This is probably the reason why *Christian Denominations* is the only work of its exact kind in circulation, namely, that it requires a great amount of efficiency and precision to competently embrace in its entirety so large a scope between two covers.

Someone once said, "The right answer at the right time has converted many." To him who works on this principle and who desires a short, handy reference, free from all the hampers of lengthy details, this little volume will prove an invaluable asset.

There is one other especial incentive for us to be interested in and proud of *Christian Denominations*; the author signs his name *Rev. Vigilius H. Krull, C. P.P. S.* Up to date thirty-five thousand

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copies of his work have been scattered throughout the world. Certainly, to the member of our own community who has been able to shower his petals of truth so effusively over the earth great praise is due.

James Hinton '38

LENA

By Roger Vercel

For its latest release the French Book-of-the Month Club, Inc. (New York) has chosen *Lena*, a novel by Roger Vercel. Although at times *Lena* is very impressive, it seems to lack as a whole the vital force to make it truly convincing.

The story itself is concerned with the events which led up to the death by a duel of Lieutenant De Queslain of the French Army of Occupation in Bulgaria, in 1919. It is told by a fellow officer in whom De Queslain confided the night before he was killed. First, the fictitious report is given which De Queslain requested his friend to make to the commanding officer, and then follows the real story, with the events which finally ended in the duel and death of De Queslain. Through the tense hours of the night, De Queslain tells of his capture by the Bulgarians during the war, of how he was recognized by an old school friend in the Bulgarian Army, and finally of his love for this friend's sister, Lena — a fierce, tragic love which goaded him to actions interpreted as treason, and in the end indirectly caused his death at the hands of a Serbian officer.

Lena, however, is not merely a story of romance; it is rather a tale of adventure and a study of character. In

fact, in regard to its study of character, *Lena* is highly to be recommended. The character portrayal of "Lena Apostolova" is especially well-drawn. Her fierce nationalistic spirit and hatred of all enemies of her country, and yet her love for De Queslain, are indeed partly the motif of the story.

In his description also Vercel has succeeded admirably in making up for other deficiencies in the book. For, although myriads of books have been written with vivid and horrifying descriptions of the World War, Vercel in *Lena* shows the gruesomeness and horror of war from a somewhat different point of view. He pictures not the men in the trenches but those behind the lines, — the wounded, the half-shot-to-pieces, and the women and children — all suffering from hunger, surrounded by a spirit of mutiny and despair; all hopelessly enveloped in a furious "ivresse du combat." He paints a detailed picture so sordid and horrifying that it is almost repulsive in its reality, but it is none the less unforgettable.

Another redeeming feature of *Lena*, at least to the student of French, is Vercel's style, for he has made of this novel a veritable storehouse of conversational and colloquial French. His style is, moreover, vigorous, strong and full of meaning, a welcome variation from the smooth-flowing, almost effeminate French of the stylists. From a student's viewpoint, *Lena* would be well worth reading merely to gain a knowledge of the style of the author.

But, in spite of what was said at the beginning of this article, *Lena* may well be read with profit for many reasons other than its style. It has excellent

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description. Its character portrayal is well-done, and it has besides a fairly interesting love story.

On the other hand, however, its faults, which brought out the derogatory opinion expressed in the first part of this review, are none the less prominent, but they are not nearly so easily to be defined. Perhaps it will suffice to say that the reader, when he reaches the end, somehow inexplicably feels that there is something missing. The denouement in some way or other just doesn't seem to be satisfactory. In fine, *Lena* is the type of book which will probably receive both high praise and bitter criticism, depending wholly upon the personal inclinations of the reader.

William Callahan '37

Films

In the filming of James Fenimore Cooper's American classic, *The Last of the Mohicans*, movieland missed the rigid realism of the original and supplied in its stead a shallow artificiality. The film version leaves behind a sense of disbelief in the mind of every American youth, who formerly held a tender feeling for this yarn of simple Englishmen, hardy frontiersmen and fearless redskins slithering through the dense forests of upper New York State.

This yarn progresses along the lines of purely escape adventure, but it is, nevertheless, very refreshing as a respite from the modern gangster brawls. For, as you undoubtedly know, the story deals with Hawkeye (Randolph Scott), the redoubtable scout and his two Mohican friends, Uncas (Philip Reed) and Chingachgook (Robert Barrat) — and Hawkeye's love for the charming daughter

of the British Colonel.

These characterizations and inspired conflicts are, however, completely lost in a maze of action, adventure and a desire for box-office appeal. But this grave theatrical error cannot be attributed solely to the actors themselves, for they were hampered by the lack of dramatic possibilities from which to draw. *The Last of the Mohicans* is merely a coherent succession of exciting and accurate episodes. Even though these episodes were directed with a great deal of care and attention to detail, the characters are mere Hollywood marionettes. Hawkeye is always just Randolph Scott dressed in a deerskin coat and a fur cap; the lovely Munro sisters are dishearteningly only Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel; Bruce Cabot is Bruce Cabot doing his best to appear taciturn and savage — and so on down the line.

Disregarding this dramatic error, this simple, guileless romance of the days when the French and English fought for supremacy at the headwaters of the Susquehanna, retains the swift movement of Cooper. For this quality you will like and appreciate this historic cinema.

Helen Hunt Jackson's popular romantic novel, *Ramona* is a warm reproduction of the San Fernando Valley in the early 80's. As a color picture it is a striking step toward as definite a change in films as was sound a few years ago.

From out of its colored beauty *Ramona* brings to us the highly sensitive love of a half-breed girl and her Indian husband, played against a background of the expulsion of the Indians from Southern California. For, when progress advanced to the Far West, the lives of Ramona and Alessandro ended in tragedy because they

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

blocked the path of white civilization.

This scenic production is breathtaking. There are scenes which are supernaturally beautiful, yet real enough not to offend either eye or mind. There are hills green with verdant grass, fields golden with waving grain, pools blue as the sky they reflect! yet the most beautiful of all is Miss Loretta Young in the role of Ramona. This cinema is more a triumph for color photography than for drama.

Added to these laudable camera shots are instances when Director Henry King approached the essentials of good dramatic art. There can be little question whether Loretta Young was portraying herself or the real character of Ramona as conceived by the novelist. The closing scene with Miss Young holding her infant child in her arms and listening to a haunting Indian melody certainly is touching and dramatic. The essence of constant restraint is really the reason why this scene captures your imagination and heart.

Excellent performances are contributed by the radio idol, Don Ameche, as well as by Kent Taylor, Katherine DeMille and Pauline Frederick. But it seems to me that the very thought and soul of this cinema rests on the capable shoulders of Jane Darwell and Loretta Young. These actresses, however, fade into the shadows behind the pleasing perspective of Technicolor.

Richard J. Trame '38.

Magazines

A more adequate name than *The Christian Front* could hardly have been selected for this new magazine. The current articles do not expose fantasy or

theory, but bring the reader to the realization of the vital problems which confront the confused public of today. One of the greatest questions of nations of today is World Peace. In the article entitled "Catholic Youth and World Peace," Elizabeth Sweeney contrasts the false hallucinations of patriotic emotionalism, bravery, and all vicious opiates that dull the minds of youth to the realization of blind sacrifice with shrapnel, casualties, death and facts. Arguments based on wholesome Catholic philosophy and ordinary common sense are the constituents prominent throughout the entire magazine.

The Christian Front should appeal to all citizens who are interested in their social, political and above all, their spiritual welfare. The inestimable value of the sagacious thought embodied in the lines of this periodical are aids in the solution of problems which cannot be answered tomorrow.

Truly, *The Christian Front* deserves an officer's ranking in the army of leading contemporary magazines which battle for the commendation and esteem of the American public.

Peter Bricker '38

— — —

When a reader picks up the *American Review* which has for its contributing authors such men as G. K. Chesterton and G. R. Elliott, he necessarily looks forward to reading a scholarly selection. The article "Gentleman Wanted" by Hoffman Nickerson contained in the September issue of this year is far from being an exception.

Mr. Nickerson, by a series of straight dictionary definitions of the term gentleman, stamps his article in the very be-

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ginning as being one of precise thinking, careful planning and sound research, which stamp the article never once loses through its twenty pages.

The ribbon clerks and chorus gentlemen together with the stagedoor "powder-puffs" and business "crooks" would do well to read "Gentlemen Wanted" in order to find out how far they have degenerated from the "Fighting Gentlemen" at the time of the great rally of Christendom in the Dark Ages. The author does not conceal his import but rather clinches his arguments by quotations and anecdotes from History.

The last thought of the article in which the author seeks for a redeeming feature for the fallen race of Gentlemen is perhaps the most striking — "The Fascist a Gentleman?" He is a thug and a bully say the outraged Reds. Probably the ninth-century heathen readers called the fighting gentleman of that day hard names. Men being what they are, the Fascist is not perfect. But at least he has applied his violence to the enemies of society. At least he has set up states ruled by neither business men nor revolutionaries... In a restored social order Fascism may beget a new aristocracy of gentlemen-at-arms.

To someone looking for momentary pleasure or satisfaction in reading I advise *Aesop's Fables* but to the thinking student of social problems I invite the reading of "Gentlemen Wanted," an article for people who think and reflect.

It is not unusual on the campus of the modern college to hear the names of professors eulogized in none too laudatory terms. Because of this I believe college students would find delightful reading in "Tears for the Old Professor," maker of men but breaker of the system, by Mr. R. Craven in the October 17 issue of *America*.

Mr. Craven discloses the soul of Professor Shannon, the last autumn leaf of the campus tree. Although his teaching days are past he refuses to give up his vitality to the rains and winter snows of new methods of instructing and learning.

The author ingeniously compares modern progressivism, if such it can be called, with the solid learning of the old school. "It was a bitter day for him [the old professor] when St. Gregory's, bowing to common mentality, struck Greek and Latin from its curriculum and added a course in business administration. When St. Gregory's employed a \$10,000 a year football coach at the very meeting in which the library budget took a twenty-five per cent cut, the professor's 'Indeed let us have brawn since we cannot afford brains,' reached the Rector's ears and turned them red."

"Tears for the Old Professor," written in a genial satirical style, tempered with good fellowship, is, despite its concise message, a story every college man should find most enjoyable.

John Bannon '38

EXCHANGES

While we were going through the files of last year's exchanges, the section devoted to the final issue caught our eye. Certainly here we would find the flower of collegiate literary endeavor during the scholastic year '35-'36.

With articles surpassing even the highest standards set in the earlier issues of the *Loyola Quarterly*, the summer issue of that mature college publication deserves our special attention. In the article entitled "Young Anarchy" we see a thoroughly accurate presentation of the youth problem especially in this country. Though the author appears to exaggerate his points somewhat, the effect produced is all the more emphatic. "The Novelist As Artist," intended as an apology for the neglect of the American novelist Henry James, argues so forcefully that the reader will at least examine James in a fairer attitude if he does not actually develop a positive interest in that writer. The author of "Seeing Life Whole," after an obviously careful research, puts forth a reasonable and logical solution to the present dilemma by substituting Christian principles in place of the pagan ideals of today. Though the characters of the short story "Martin" show little individuality (except in the case of Mr. Malabor), the story itself is a vivid and realistic example of pride existing in the city slums. One detraction from the journal as a whole is the obvious scarcity of poetry. The two short examples of verse in this

issue are far from outstanding.

In their June issue the staff of the *Duquesne Monthly* strove for variety and succeeded in their endeavor. A play, two short stories, some poetry, and essays, not to mention the usual departmental writings, fill the forty pages of the last issue in a manner quite fitting to any college journal. On first glance the title "Dissertation on Nursery Rhymes" seems out of place for treatment by a college student. When we see, however, that the author intelligently probes for the origin of these silly verses we are forced to appreciate the tediousness of the research necessary for that article. While we find little unity, we do find, on the other hand, a fund of interesting information. The unexploited topic of nursery rhymes gives rise to an article which furnishes welcome relief from the usual array of political, scientific, and philosophical essays found in the average Catholic journal. In the article "Liberty? Or License?" the treatment Mr. William Randolph Hearst though justly severe, shows restraint by remaining within the bounds of cool reasoning. Not once does the author resort to emotionalism in his relentless tirade against the foremost "yellow journalist." The article "Vindication Of An American" shows the wrath of a staunch defender of the Radio Priest. Regardless of the reader's own convictions on the subject, he can scarcely leave it without feeling a some-

EXCHANGES

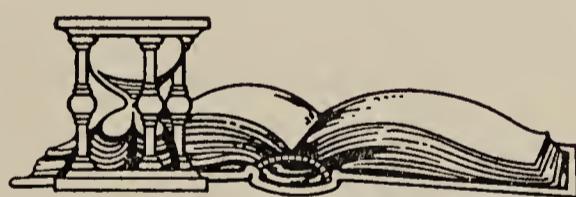
what higher regard for the efforts of Father Coughlin. Neither short story in this issue can be very highly recommended: "No Middle Course" has the earmarks of a sermon; in reading "After Four Years" we have trouble in following the thread of the story. The reactions of the characters in both stories have no psychological backing. The characters themselves do not seem human. Suspense is lacking almost entirely. Both endings lack strength.

The exchange department wishes to

acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

St. Mary's Collegian (St. Mary's College, California); *The Torch* (Valparaiso University); *The Xaverian News* (Xavier University); *St. Vincent Journal* (St. Vincent College); *The Aquinas* (St. Thomas College); *The University of Dayton Exponent* (University of Dayton); *The Cadet Journal* (St. Joseph's Military Academy); *The Ritan* (St. Rita High School).

J. G. L. '39



ALUMNI

Once a year, usually in the spring, the Alumni of Akron utilize Brunnerdale

*Distant
but True*

Seminary, Canton, Ohio, as a substitute for their true Alma Mater. On the appointed day they assemble to relieve college life for the span of a few hours. Last spring was no exception to this practice. In the morning of the eventful day High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S Ph. D., president of Saint Joseph's College. A basketball game, students vs. alumni, was played in the afternoon. Amid the hoarse but vociferous outbursts of both students and alumni the quintet of students emerged victorious, though only by a precarious margin.

The evening was set aside for less strenuous enjoyment. From six o'clock to the hour for departure palates were the main concern. Time was, however, taken out for a business meeting, during the course of which the Chapter expressed its sincere interest in its one and only Alma Mater.

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Up in Chicago the Cook County Alumni are a peppy group. This Chapter,

*Cook County
Alumni*

only an infant a few months ago, has already doffed its swaddling clothes. Tuesday evening, October 27, it held its second regular business meeting at which the bylaws drafted by "Bosco" (not Don) Lear and "Coach" Schmitty were read, discussed, and either

approved or corrected. But that was only part of the procedure of the evening.

Between six and six-thirty the streets and avenues leading into the loop emptied at the Harding Hotel St. Joe men from all parts of Chicago proper and the suburbs. At six-thirty these boosters congregated around a T-shaped table in the Presidential Grill of the hotel for an a la carte dinner and informal chat. From soup to nuts topics as varied as the menus selected snapped back and forth like ping pong balls. At eight o'clock the company adjourned to an upper room to get down to "serious" discussion. After Father Ley, chaplain, had opened the business meeting with prayer, Mr. Kallal guided the ensuing proceedings admirably even with the gong-sounding heckling he had to combat. Besides the adopting of the bylaws the assembly discussed a variety of plans for future meetings. A. J. Kirchen, W. G. Bonvouloir and C. Sieben were appointed to act as a committee on arrangements for the next regular meeting, Tuesday evening, January 26, 1937. All listened as do boys to a story told by grandfather to Father Ley's account of the activities and progress at St. Joe. All likewise commented "ah-ingly" on the new format of the COLLEGIAN, official chronicle of the activities of the alumni as well as spokesman of the college. When several copies of the October issue had been scrutinized, the unit voted unanimously to subscribe to a man, and George Rick,

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Secretary-Treasurer, was instructed to send in a check covering the price of subscription of every member present at the meeting, the amount to be taken from the annual dues agreed upon in the bylaws.

When at ten-thirty the meeting adjourned, knots of comrades lingered in the lobby of the hotel, reluctant still to break company after an evening made delightful by this friendly get-together, a more delightful evening perhaps than any since the first meeting of the chapter was held, August 25.

—

True to the colors is the slogan of the Cincinnati Club of the Saint Joseph Alumni as evinced by their magnanimous response to the Collegian's plea for new subscribers. From this one Chapter alone eleven subscriptions were forthcoming. That, Alumni, is the spirit! Success to you, Alumni of Cincinnati.

—

From Saint Gregory Seminary in the city of hills, Cincinnati, came news of four graduates of '35: Edward Hession; Joseph Klinker; Donald Foohey; and John Downey. Each of these gentlemen has a specific task at the Seminary. John Downey is the saintly sacristan; Donald Foohey attends to the "tintin-abulation of the bells, bells, bells." Joseph Klinker, frail as he is, has shouldered the responsibility of mail carrier; and Edward Hession rules supreme in the dormitory. Remember, gentlemen, most great men had humble beginnings.

—

Along with his subscription to the Collegian Joe Leuterman, '35, sent us some very interesting facts concerning himself. During the first part of the

past summer Joe had been furthering the cause of all Non-Prohibitionists by utilizing his resources as an employee of the Blatz Brewery; later in the summer he played hero to many a person on a Milwaukee beach. At present he is assimilating the requisites of a lawyer at Marquette University.

—

A very encouraging letter was received recently from Rev. Julian H. Voskuhl, C.P.P.S., '22. Formerly serving as assistant editor of the Precious Blood *Messenger*, he is now stationed at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. In his letter he states: "Trying always to be a loyal Alumnus makes me interested in the well-being and whereabouts of my fellow-Alumni. The Collegian gives me that information."

—

Francis A. Bishop has cast his lot for life behind the shambles. After having spent a few years, replete with valuable experience, as an employee of Armour & Co., he has now established his own wholesale meat business. That is the place to buy your meat, Alumni.

His most recent exploit is best phrased in his own words: "Incidentally it is Mr. and Mrs."

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Insurance agent! Politician! Government employee! Such a pace is no mean achievement for any man in his lower "twenties." In Bernard Sutton, '35, the Saint Joseph Alumni Association has just such a man. Although engaged in other endeavors, formerly the insurance business and at present postal work, he has also been very active in the N.U.S.J. Keep up the Saint Joe spirit, Bernard, and continue climbing.

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Rev. Joseph Hartmann, '28, is now reaping the harvest of souls in the capacity of assistant at Saint Joseph's Church, Maumee, Ohio.

In the dawn of the merry month of October Louie Hinkel, '27, of North Canton, Ohio, subjugated himself to the demands of Holy Matrimony. To you and your partner, Louie, the COLLEGIAN wishes perpetual success and happiness.

From the outposts of America comes news of an Alumnus, Rev. W. J. Druffel,

'29, who is exercising his priestly powers at Sacred Heart Church, Wilbur, Washington.

We take this opportunity to express our heartfelt thanks to all those Alumni who have harkened to the plea of their Alma Mater either by subscribing to the COLLEGIAN, or by informing us of their whereabouts and activities. Remember, it is not too late to send in your subscription. It is one of the best and most appreciated ways of showing your genuine Alumni spirit.



CAMPUS

Clubs

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On the evening of October 12 the C.L.S. presented the first public program of this scholastic year. Like all its first public programs this was somewhat of a conglomeration, consisting of several short disconnected features.

A program of this kind is always difficult to offer successfully to a group of critical college students, especially if they be fatigued by the strenuous and varied activities of the typical "free day." In this light the program may be termed a success, even though it was rated no higher than good in the opinion of such as are competent to judge. The opinion of those to whom thinking comes hard, to whom an idea is like a strange language, who must have comedy or no entertainment at all, cannot be considered.

In his short speech of introduction to the President of the C.L.S. the Vice-President, Robert Scheiber, enunciated a few of the ideals, principles, and practical methods of oratory. Richard Scharf, the President, spoke at length with great earnestness and most regretfully of a world in which men are ever tending to eat and digest more than to think and consider; in which people are content to relegate the determination of their lives to the hands of unpatriotic and irresponsible dictators, in which countries foolishly wish to place the hope of their destinies in the blundering unworkability of a League of Nations.

As the program turned to pure entertainment, Joseph Sciulli gave a classic dramatic selection entitled "The Death of Benedict Arnold." Not many spines in the audience failed to feel the footfalls of tiny chills running up and down. A picture painted in words is sometimes more striking than one painted in colors. James Kelley relieved the situation by describing very amusingly in the brogue of a rustic the pictures painted by a great artist at the key-board. The title of his selection was "How Ruby Played."

The final portion of the program was a dramatic skit adapted from a story entitled "Crack Up." The skit depicted the last few minutes of the lives of three men who have crashed into the ocean on an unsuccessful trans-Atlantic flight. The men are all criminals, but unknown to one another as such. In the course of their conversation the men in turn reveal the hidden events of their past lives. An opportunity for rescue presents itself when a ship appears at a distance, but the men, informed by their radio of the discovery of their records subsequent to their take-off, are unwilling to accept the consequences that must necessarily follow. With mutual understanding and grim determination they destroy their only hope of salvation, the lone flare that survived the crash.

William Callahan carried the role of the hard-boiled though somewhat nervous pilot; Frederick Hendricks, that of the laconic, disinterested mechanic; and Theodore Staudt, that of the shaky,

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demoralized radio man. A summary of the events previous to the crack-up was read to the audience by Norman Fisher.

One of the most pleasant parts of every public program of the C.L.S. is the music of the college concert orchestra performing under the able baton of Professor Paul Tonner. For this program Professor Tonner drew chiefly from Verdi's entrancing operatic music, leading his musicians through the Allegro Brilliant and other selections from *Il Trovatore*. The orchestra also captured the spirit and haunting beauty of Moszkowski's "Serenade."

Despite an occasional unexpected blast from the horns and tremulous squeak from the wood-wind section the rendition was well done, though not up to the usual high standard of the college orchestra. Perhaps at the next program the youthful musicians who sat in the pit for the first time will have less difficulty in conquering their nervousness and consequently will find it easier to devote their attention to interpretation.

In forthcoming programs the C.L.S. will regret the necessity of ejecting those several misguided adolescents who persist in attempting to "heckle" the performers upon the stage.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The D.M.U. was rather late in organizing this year. On the evening of October 14 a small group of old members convened in the auditorium for the purpose of electing officers.

In this organization, where enthusiasm does not for long run high on the force of its own momentum, the selection of able and determined officers is most

important. The assembly seemingly bore the fact in mind when it chose for its president a man who is known for his eagerness to take an active part in any worthy endeavor, Henry Ward. To provide him with able assistants the assembly elected Harold Weller, Vice-President, James Phillip Morris, Secretary, and Edward Gruber, Treasurer.

Every student of this college who understands the purpose for which this organization exists and the principles for which it stands should consider it a privilege and an honor to be a member of it. In these days when the words Catholic Action are on so many lips, every student should strive to participate actively in this organization, which offers him practically his only opportunity to engage in real Catholic Action.

Locals

Ten years spent in an appointive office are a fair index to a man's qualifications for that office. Especially is this true "Happy Warrior" Resigns when the position carries with it the responsibilities, and demands the unceasing toil that directing the publication of a college journal implies. The journal is the spokesman of the institution; upon the merits of the publication will the school be judged. The Rev. Meinrad B. Koester, C.P.P.S., who has successfully acted as faculty-director of the St. Joseph's COLLEGIAN for the past ten years, and who now resigns his position only because of the taxing nature of the work, deserves more than passing notice for his dutiful devotion and for the quality of the journal which he produced.

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Even when in ill health during the past few years Father Koester worked unstintingly and uncomplainingly as a capable leader, his very erudition acting as a stimulus to the students to emulate one another in articles submitted for publication. He deserves and receives our congratulations for his generous, unselfish labor and for the high grade literary magazine which he now turns over to other hands; he deserves and receives our good wishes and prayers that his improved health will continue, and that he may be even more successful in the history and literature classes which he continues to teach.

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During the past month the political turmoil which precedes every national election has kept those

*Straw
Vote* who are immediately affected in an anxious state; here on the

campus it has been the source and subject of many an informal argument. Because of the enthusiasm shown, a straw vote was taken shortly before the election to determine the students' choice for president. It revealed the following interesting, yet startling results:

Roosevelt	116
Lemke	35
Landon	13
Thomas	1

—

St. Joseph's, after the final tabulation was made, found an increased enrollment

Enrollment of at least thirty over last year's number of students. Although the

count remains practically the same as that of the past scholastic year there is a difference recognized in the fact that

the entire class of junior high school community students remained at Brunnerdale. The total number of students on the campus November first is two hundred and sixty-four. Of these, one hundred and eighty-one are世俗的; eighty-three, community students. By classes they are divided as follows:

COLLEGE	Seculars	Religious	Total
Juniors	13		13
Sophomores	35	21	56
Freshmen	50	33	83
HIGH SCHOOL			
Seniors	14	29	43
Juniors	26		26
Sophmores	14		14
Freshmen	29		29

Although the greatest number of "enrollees" applied for admission to the freshman year in both departments, there is a substantial increase in every class. One observation is deserving of comment: there seems to be a swinging back toward boarding school on the high school level. This year's high school freshman class is the largest at St. Joseph's since 1932. Besides, a greater number of new applications were accepted of students for the higher classes in this department. Another significant fact is that the private room space available in Science Hall was not adequate; more than twenty-one students applied for these rooms, but only twenty-one could be accommodated.

—
Sunday noon, October fourth, the sophomores assembled for the purpose

Sophomores of electing new class officers. Theodore *Elect* Staudt, president of *Officers* last year's freshmen, having called the meeting to order, introduced the Rev. Fred

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Fehrenbacher, Dean of Men, who gave an impressive talk on the necessity of electing capable class leaders. The results of the election prove that the class really took Father Fehrenbacher's words to heart, for they unanimously elected as their president Henry F. Ward, one of the most energetic and prudent members of their group. Edwin Johnson was the assembly's choice for Vice-President, Daniel Raible was elected to the office of Secretary, and Jack Koechley to that of Treasurer.

-

When the business had been dispatched, the sophomores became frolic-

*Then
They
Celebrate*

some. With lusty yells, broad grins, and soaring spirits, they gathered on the campus, attired in nondescript

outfits, ready to leave on their annual outing. Blasts from tin drums heralded the parade, as the entire class marched down the avenues of Collegeville, with their red and gold banner unfurled. At the rear of the procession came their President, newly-elected but now in mock attire, and seated high on his "provision wagon" throne, drawn by old Dobbin. After a spirited display of marching, shouting, singing and cheering, the class tramped gaily over the fields to the historic sand pits where the long-awaited events were to occur.

Immediately on arriving at the pits, someone suggested playing ball, and the entire class divided into two teams. What chance did those batters have with three shortstops, three right fielders, four left fielders, and twice the regular number of players at the other positions? After several innings of ball, if one can call

it ball, the boy scouts in the class began building fires for the "wienie" roast. When the cold puppies had sizzled into hot dogs their mature life was quickly annihilated.

The major event on the program was the so-called beauty contest. Riotous laughter swept over the entire group when Ed Finan in his unique habit appeared before the judges. Ed deserved and won the prize. Henry Kenney, dressed as the Twentieth Century Indian, was his nearest rival.

Someone then made the brilliant suggestion of playing "King of the Hill." Within a few minutes sides were chosen and the battle raged. For ten full minutes there was a grand display of courage and daring as both teams fought valiantly to gain possession of the commanding position. When the signal for disarming sounded each combatant bore the war scars of his lusty fight.

Finally, as the afternoon drew to an end, the class made a march of triumph back to the college grounds, and directly to the flag pole. There Henry Ward addressed his followers and himself hoisted the banner of the class of '39. Humble freshmen proceeded to do honor to the class and their flag by a meek display of bows and cheers.

-

Everyone was brimming over with wild enthusiasm and anticipation at the

*Pep
Meeting*

approach of the first home football game of the season — the Cardinals' clash with Rose Poly on October tenth. Spirits were in such holiday garments that a pep meeting was hardly necessary, but a pep meeting was held the evening before the

CAMPUS

game. Call it gigantic; call it colossal; call it stupendous; call it anything that the greatest show on earth has been advertised by, and you will not have adjectives sufficiently applicable to that gathering in the auditorium.

Dan Peil and his "Star Dusters" opened the snappy session with their theme song, "Star Dust." Bob Scheiber, senior cheer leader, acting as master of ceremonies, then brought the crowd to attention with several throat-bursting cheers. If there was snap in these cheers there was effervescence in the applause that accompanied and followed a comedy skit presented by "Hank" Ward, Collegeville's new Ted Husing, Paul Zeller as Groucho Marx, and "Harpo" as Groucho's most illustrious brother.

But now there is a hush. Father Koenn and Coach De Cook each give forceful comments on athletics. Attention is silent. But when the speeches are concluded the genuine general approval marks St. Joe students united to a man.

In the election of an assistant cheerleader "Mike" Moriarity had his hand raised in victory. Star dust again floated through the auditorium as the proceedings came to a close.

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Just a year ago at this time a group of progressive students of French, under the able direction of Nor-

First Anniversary man Fisher, began the publication of a mimeographed French paper, *Le Chef D'Oeuvre*. At once it received the appreciation and approval of all lovers of the French language. After a splendid year of literary progress it has again appeared, now in a new and more

imposing format. To Joseph Scheuer, the new editor, and his co-workers we say: Plus de success a vous!

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At last the COLLEGIAN staff has moved from its narrow room next to Baker Study Hall into its spacious office in Science Hall. There the clatter of three typewriters now resounds.

COLLEGIAN The furnishings are "*Croquettes*" not as yet elaborate, but we will in due time substitute for them equipment in harmony with the office itself and with the journal that with unanimous cooperation we will perfect. We have a substantial tile floor foundation on which to build; we need literary material for the pages of our magazine.

To encourage writing for the COLLEGIAN we are offering a cash prize of five dollars for the best essay and short story that appear in the nine issues of this scholastic year. A substantial prize will also be given to the poem judged best. Get busy, all of you future Kilmers, Chestertons, and Barings.

At the second business meeting of the staff it was decided to have a banquet and social evening in Rensselaer Oct. 22. Robert Kaple, chairman of the committee on arrangements, engaged the dining room of the Rensselaer Rotary Club for the dinner, a delicious meal prepared by Mrs. Lowman.

Not all the speeches that followed the dessert were of the joke book type. There was plenty of sparkling wit; there was also much solid comment on the needs of our journal and the manner of furnishing those needs. Jack Weyer seasoned the hour with impersonations; Norman Fisher served a table full of food for

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

thought. Assisted by "Joe Miller," Dick Scharf guided the proceedings as though he were calling signals.

Mindful of our advertisers, the staff (window) shopped as they waited for the last show at the Ritz to start. And after the show, as though they had not, only a short time before, come from a table-laden banquet, they invaded Wright's for the customary snack.

—

Not only those "Star Dusters" but all of us regret that Daniel Peil was taken to the Rensselaer Hos-

Sick Pals pital for an appendectomy. And what are we going to do

Saturday, Oct. 31, when Central Normal invades our gridiron, for Lawrence Moriarity is at home moaning instead of leading cheers, after the same kind of operation? Worst of all, Harold Dorsten had to return home indefinitely for X-Rays and medical attention. Say it with prayers, boys!

—

The residents of Science Hall can feel assured that all goes well in their rooms during their absence; Dick Tracy's double makes his inspection rounds regularly during the day. Nothing escapes his roving eye.

—

Kime Burrell, alias Frank Buck, Bring

'em back DEAD, has recently had his entire cargo of wild animals shipped to college. He now has these animals placed all about his room. Perhaps anyone interested may be able to view the menagerie by getting permission from his roommates. However that be, we can't understand how Ed Manderbach and Louis Furst can sleep o' nights with all those uncaged beasts in the same room with them. Of course, they have the assurance of Burrell's saving them should the animals start getting too friendly.

—

The football team's trip to Oakland City can be judged as Class A. Or should we change that to Model T? For further information pester the squad members.

—

It seems to us that our pal, Dick Palmer, is suffering from that dreaded disease, hyperamnesia (daydreaming). May we suggest a large dose of "Wapakoneta's Special?"

—

This is the first of a contest on unsung champions. Who is the Worrying Champion at St. Joe? Tear off the top of the new building and hand it in along with the name of your entrant within one week after this COLLEGIAN appears in print.



SPORTS

ST. JOE CONQUERS ROSE POLY, 18 - 6

Making its initial appearance on the home field the Varsity gave the spectators everything they wanted in the line of thrills. Time and again Johnson, Wilkinson and Badke brought the stands to their feet with long dashes, three of which resulted in touchdowns. Excellent blocking on the part of the linemen and the backs paved the way for consistent gains.

After receiving the opening kickoff the Cards marched to mid-field where they were momentarily held in check. Scharf punted to Rose Poly's ten. Colwell, having tried his own left end and finding Michalewicz a bit too sturdy for him, got off a bad punt which was downed on Rose Poly's twenty-five. On the first play Johnson sliced off right tackle, swung wide, and then reversed his field beautifully to romp over the goal unhindered by the Engineers. Dreiling failed to convert from placement. The remainder of the quarter was devoid of anything sensational, except for those occasions when Jones would rise up to smite down an Engineer or two.

Early in the second quarter Swede Johnson again broke loose from mid-field to ring up another six points. On this particular dash the deadly blocking of Badke and "Beega Joe" Raterman stood out prominently. The try for the extra point was wide. At this stage of the game Rose Poly unleashed an aerial

attack which was finally squelched before any serious threat was made. Scharf, standing behind his own goal, got off his only bad punt of the game. It rolled out on the Cardinal fifteen yard line. Brittenbach hit tackle twice, picking up five yards. McKee plunged center for three yards. On the last down with only two yards to go McKee again tried center, but he was stopped by Raterman and Bonifas after a gain of one-half yard.

In the third quarter the Cards once more marched to mid-field where they lost the ball on Johnson's fumble. On a series of line bucks, reverses, passes, and end runs by Stanfield, Colwell, and Brittenbach, the Engineers advanced to the St. Joe three yard line, from which McKee took it over on a quarterback sneak. Rose Poly fumbled on the try for extra point.

Midway in the fourth quarter Bud Wilkinson brought the spectators to their feet by intercepting a pass. Without permitting any grass to grow under his feet or any moss to gather on the ball Bud went over for the final Cardinal touchdown.

To select any outstanding stars of the game is difficult, for all the St. Joe boys were in there to a man. However, in virtue of numerous tackles and fine blocking, we place our stamp of approval on Bonifas, Jones, Glorioso, and Weaver. In the backfield there was excellent coordination, Badke and Wilkinson paving the way for many long dashes by

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Johnson. Scharf's field generalship was, as usual, beyond reproof of criticism.

CARDS CRUSH OAKLAND CITY, 20 - 0

St. Joseph's trip to Oakland City was a success in every respect. All enjoyed the overnight stay, and Oakland City's hopes of ending their long losing streak were blasted by the Cardinals' machine of destruction, 20 to 0.

Before the game had barely gotten under way, the St. Joe team, starting off with a bang, was knocking on the door of the Oakland City goal line. A fifteen-yard run around the end by Johnson set off the fireworks. Scharf then pulled a good one out of the bag, and a short pass to Weyer advanced the ball to the Oak's ten-yard line. Badke at once proved his value as a hard-hitting full-back, and in three hard smashes put the ball over. Dreiling's kick was blocked. For the remainder of the first half the St. Joe attack lacked steam, and the half ended with neither team threatening.

The third quarter of this ball game was one of the best quarters ever played by a St. Joe team. Quoting Ray De Cook's own words, we can prove this statement: "For the first time since I have been coaching St. Joe football teams, I saw a bunch of fellows fighting mad, and taking it out on the opposition with hard blocks and smashes." Getting the ball on the fifty-yard line, the Cards started an advance featured by smashes at center by Johnson, plunges by Badke, and off-tackle runs by Wilkinson. A tough break prevented a score, for St. Joe fumbled on the one-foot line. However, these fighting fools were not to be daunted. On the second play after

the Oaks had punted out of danger, Scharf dropped back and tossed a beautiful pass to Wilkinson, who side-stepped the safety man neatly and stepped over the goal. Dreiling booted a perfect placement.

St. Joe's final score came in the last quarter. Badke and Johnson again advanced the ball within scoring distance. With first and ten to go for a goal, Johnson faked back and threw another beautiful pass to Wilkinson who made a keen catch for his second touchdown of the day. Raterman kicked point. Score: St. Joe, 20; Oakland City, 0.

Honors in the line go to Dreiling and Bonifas. They stopped all of the Oaks' power-play with cutting tackles. Wilkinson and Badke share honors in the backfield. Wilkie stood out with his sensational pass receiving, and Barney deserves a great deal of praise for his hard smashes into the opponent's forward wall. Johnson also proved in this game that he can block as well as run.

St. Joe's backfield is now one of the best the school has ever seen. It is well balanced, no one individual star outstanding. This fact was proved in the Oakland City game. The Oaks were "laying for" Swede Johnson after his fine showing in the Rose Poly game. Seeing this, the general, Scharf, relied on Badke and Wilkinson to do most of the ball carrying. The score shows how this strategy worked.

The "Praying Cardinals," as one brutal sports writer once termed the team, have turned into the snarling Cards. We once before stated that a new era has dawned in St. Joe football annals. See if this statement doesn't come true.

SPORTS

Intramural Football

FIFTHS DEFEAT THIRDS, 13 - 0

A flat pass intercepted by Sciulli provided the necessary six points for the college freshmen to gain their first victory of the season over the high school juniors. For good measure, however, they pushed over another on a well-executed lateral, Moriarity to Ryan. Schwieterman added the extra point. Cunningham and Ormsby succeeded in breaking up quite a few of the freshmen's plays.

SIXTHS BARELY WIN OVER FOURTHS

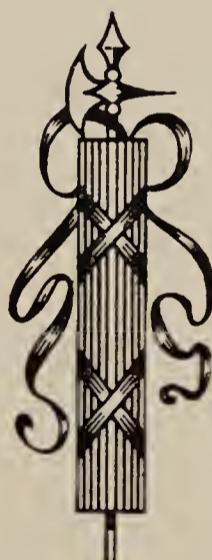
7 - 6

In one of the most interesting intramural battles ever waged on the St. Joe gridiron, the college sophomores registered a scant one-point margin victory

over the high school seniors. Effective line plunging by Bill Leugers, and long punts by Louie Mattingly proved to be the decisive factors in the struggle. Waddle and Tito played outstanding ball for the losers.

SIXTHS TAKE THIRDS 13 - 0

The college sophomores, playing a very ragged game, eked out a two touchdown victory over the high school juniors. The first touchdown came after a long march, with Leugers doing most of the carrying and making the touchdown. Gruber intercepted a very mixed up quasi-lateral for the other touchdown. The juniors, especially Ormsby and McNamara, contrived to make the going rough for the sophs.



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Nov. 20 - 21

Ralph Bellamy — Mae Clarke in
"WILD BRIAN KENT"

Nov. 22 - 23 - 24

The Dionne Quints in
"REUNION"

Nov. 25 - 26

Victor McLaglen — Binnie Barnes in
"THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

Nov. 27 - 28

June Travis — Philip Huston in
"THE BIG GAME"

Nov. 29 - 30, Dec. 1

Irene Dunne — Melvyn Douglas in
"THEODORA GOES WILD"

Dec. 6 - 7 - 8

Jane Withers — Slim Summerville in
"CAN THIS BE DIXIE"

Dec. 9 - 10

Francis Lederer — Ida Lupino in
"ONE RAINY AFTERNOON"

(Note: Bookings subject to change)

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Nov. 15 - 16 - 17

Janet Gaynor — Constance Bennett
Simone Simon — Loretta Young in
"LADIES IN LOVE"

Nov. 22 - 23 - 24

Errol Flynn — O. De Haviland in
"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"

Nov. 29 - 30, Dec. 1

Frank McHugh — Joan Blondell in
"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

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